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FROM THE PAST.

BY WM. W. LONG.

As I stood last night in the ball-room's glare,
When life was love, and love was death;
I laughed at the exquisite fool at your side,
Laughed, then shuddered—I felt your breath.

Oh, beautiful one! you play with hearts,
And send them to dark despair;
You taught me love's lesson of bitter woe—
'Tis dead, I buried it sweet and fair.

Away from the gaze of the heartless world,
I buried my idol of clay;
In the barren gloom of a starless night,
The sweet thing I laid away.

Hold! I thought it was dead—my heart,
But last night, when you spoke my name,
The tender, beautiful, sinless thing
To my side in that ball-room came.

HER MAD REVENGE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

FOR a moment only the profound silence answered the doctor's question, then Bell raised her head, pale and calm: she had conquered that sudden passion of grief, which was the first anyone had seen in her since her sister Pauline died.

Even Dorcas, sharing her grief in almost equal measure, had never seen her shed tears, and many a time the faithful woman, anxious as well as unhappy, had wished she could know their blessed relief.

"Tell me what you are going to do, Bell," her old friend repeated, kindly and sympathetically.

The girl answered his question with another. If she had not been so alone in the world, she might have hesitated to give him her confidence, but her position was a very solitary one. She guessed that he would renew his attempts to dissuade her, but she knew that they would be futile; her own helplessness had not daunted her, his words should not do so.

"Why do you wish to know?" she asked quietly.

"Because I am interested in you," said he gently. "You are the daughter of my old friend; I have known you from your birth. I have a right—yes, I repeat it, Bell I have a right to know what you intend doing when you leave your home."

Bell's lips tightened rigidly, but she showed that she recognized his right by briefly answering his question in these words:

"I am going to London."

"To London? To Mr. Clark's?"

"No, I am not going to Mr. Clark's," she answered, rather hastily.

"Have you admitted Mr. Clark into your confidence?"

A faint color rose in Bell's pale cheek.

"You wanted money, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And he gave it to you?"

"Certainly; it was my own money!" the girl flashed haughtily.

"Idiot!" muttered the old man angrily. "He is, to a certain extent, your guardian, is he not?"

"Yes," she replied calmly. "But you forget that by my father's will I became of age at eighteen."

"Ah, true," murmured Doctor Pearson. "He could not foresee——"

"All that my father left is mine now," she continued calmly, but with a tone in her voice which showed that the strain she had endured during the long interview was telling upon her. "And Pauline's quiet life has made me almost a rich woman. It is most fortunate that there is plenty of ready money, for I shall surely need it."

"It is most unfortunate, if the want of ready money would have interfered with your plans," Doctor Pearson said impatiently. "May I ask if you imparted your plans—your intentions—to Mr. Clark?"

"Not fully," she replied. "When he was here they were scarcely so matured as now. But I told him enough to show him that I wanted the money."

"And he is going to let you have it?"

"He cannot help himself," she rejoined, with a little bitter smile; "if he could, probably he would have refused me."

"He, also, then, shares my disapproval of your foolish scheme, Bell?"

"I have told you," she answered, coldly, "that I did not take Mr. Clark into my confidence. He is not an old friend like you," she went on, her voice a little unsteady; "he did not love Pauline as you loved her; he did not see her suffering as you saw it; he would not understand, as you will understand, how I cannot—I cannot—rest till my dear sister is avenged!"

The words, the sudden melting of her proud eyes, the tremor in her low voice, dispersed whatever impatience had arisen in his mind against her. He caught both her hands, and held them in his.

"Bell!" he exclaimed, "it is because I loved her and because I love you that I entreat you to give up whatever plans you have formed or are forming! Oh! child, if there were no other obstacles in the way, there are the two most insurmountable ones of your youth and your sex. Moreover, you are beautiful——"

"Ah!" she interrupted him, looking into his face with her lovely desolate eyes, "that is not an obstacle. I am counting on my beauty to help me!"

The old man's face darkened. He looked unfeignedly shocked.

"Beauty—even a moderate amount like mine—is such an excellent letter of recommendation, and that is what I need," she said eagerly. "People always like you better for being pretty, and——"

"Your reasoning shows the child you are," he said, quickly. "Your sister had more beauty than you—what did it do for her? If she had been less beautiful, she would, in all probability, never have attracted this artist-lover, and she might have been with us to-day."

"I have thought of that," she said, very quietly. "But, besides her beauty, Pauline had a heart. I, myself, have none; it is buried with her.

The doctor made a despairing gesture with his hands, and uttered an exclamation.

"If I could only persuade you," he said, warmly. "If I could only persuade you of the folly of what you are going to do——"

"But until you know what I am going to do, you cannot know the folly of it," she interrupted him gently. "You do not know what strong detective inclinations I always had—this has developed them. You call me a child, but if I was a child a few weeks ago, I am a woman now; and ignorance, and simplicity, and innocence, are things of the past. I have put them away from me now. Let me tell you what I have done."

She gently forced him to sit down, but she took no chair herself; the restlessness which had troubled him seemed to have made her its prey. She began to walk restlessly up and down the room, pausing sometimes by the table or cabinet, and fingering the ornaments upon them, taking them up and putting them down without any conception of what they were.

"When I asked you to help me," she began, "I thought that if Geoffrey Hamilton had been staying in Dingle, you might have known something of him. Dorcas goes out so seldom that she knew nothing. From a suspicion which you made a certainty, I refrained from asking Mr. Gresham, and you are the only other friend I have. There is no address on the little notes I found, not even on the longer letter, which you may have noticed, which explains his position with regard to his aunt; neither is there any postmark, and the only conclusion I can arrive at is that they were sent by messenger, or perhaps left at some place agreed upon. The letter—that last letter"—her voice faltered—"was posted in London. It has no address, and London is a large place," she added, with a dreary little smile.

"You have little notion how large."

"Perhaps not," she rejoined. "But although the letters had no address, there was one on the card, you know. I wrote to the secretary of the Artists' Club, and he sent me a list of the members. There is only one Geoffrey Hamilton among them, but there is one."

An expression of surprise dawned on her listener's face.

"Therefore Geoffrey Hamilton artists are not so many as you fancied," she resumed, "and that alone makes my plans simpler. I know, too, that he is a fair man, and that ——"

"How do you know?" the doctor asked abruptly.

The girl hesitated. Could she divulge the secret of the tiny yellow curl, which she had found in the locket with her father's locket and her own, which Pauline always wore beneath her dress? It was tangible evidence, certainly, and her other reason was one Doctor Pearson would laugh at perhaps, yet she preferred to risk that; strong as her self command was, she could not trust herself to speak of that little tender secret.

"Perhaps the reason I can give will not seem so good a one to you as to me," she replied quietly. "I believe him to be fair, because one night, when Dorcas was brushing her hair, Pauline said laughingly, 'I suppose I ought to marry a dark man, Dorcas, because I am so fair. Well, do you know I have a presentiment that if I do marry, I shall marry a fair man.'"

"Humph!" muttered Doctor Pearson; "I don't think a jury would convict on such evidence as that."

"Perhaps not," she said quietly; "but when there is but little evidence, a very slight thing assumes importance."

"And it is with such slight clues as this that you are going to London, and hope to discover an unknown, obscure artist?"

"I do not believe him to be obscure," she replied quickly.

"What grounds have you for supposing otherwise?"

She colored slightly.

"If you refuse to submit to the weight of my reasons," she replied gently; "you cannot but acknowledge my patience under cross-examination."

"I do acknowledge it," he answered cordially; "and I thank you for it. Tell me your grounds for supposing this man to be a distinguished artist."

"I do not believe him to be a distinguished artist," she replied hastily; "but I believe him to be a man of position, and, therefore, a noticeable person in the artist world."

"What makes you think so?"

"Two or three things," she replied hurriedly, her patience failing her a little; "one is that Pauline, who was used to the simplest gowns, which she and Dorcas generally made between them, evidently considered her wardrobe not sufficiently elaborate. During the last two months, Dorcas tells me, she had sent to London for her gowns, and all the small etceteras of her toilet. You see her lover was fastidious because he was accustomed to fashionable women, who got their dresses from Worth and Laferriere."

Again an expression of surprise came upon his face; he was astonished at her reasoning, at the deductions she drew—deductions which might be quite correct.

"It seems strange that a man of fashion should bury himself at Chagford," he observed.

"I think even Chagford might be endurable for a few weeks under such circumstances," she replied unsteadily. "Pauline was beautiful enough to keep the most inconstant lover faithful for so short a time as that."

"And if you go to London and discover this man, Mabel, what is your purpose then?" Doctor Pearson asked, after a short pause.

A flash gleamed for a moment in her dark eyes, giving back to them all their vanished brightness; he saw the little hands clench, as if the slender fingers held a weapon.

"Ah, I cannot tell you," she said softly, "what form my revenge will take; but my purpose is revenge! As she suffered, so shall he! You do not know how patient I will be, and how persevering. If he is rich, I will make him poor; if he is happy, I will make him wretched. I will not weary, I not cease my endeavors, until every iota of my debt is paid."

"And do you not shrink from such a purpose—you, a gently-born and gently-bred girl?"

"I shrink from nothing but my own helplessness," she said passionately. "Everything that is true in me, everything that is strong in my nature, prompts me to my revenge, urges me to keep the resolution I have formed. It holds me with a grip of iron; I could not free myself from it if I would. I would not if I could! Oh, if I were a man! But even a woman can punish, as he will find to his cost!"

A silence followed the passionate words; hopelessly the kind old man who was so interested in her made one last appeal to her better nature; one last endeavor to turn her from her purpose.

"Mabel," he said gently and gravely, "you have given me a patient hearing, and I have failed to impress you with the folly and sin of your purpose. I, myself, because of my true friendship for you, contemplate it with horror. If you fail you will be unhappy."

"I cannot be more unhappy than I am now," she interpolated.

"If you do succeed you will be doubly so, because you will have to add remorse to your present misery. Turn where I will, I see no comfort save in the one hope that you will abandon your design. Oh, child, for your own sake, for the sake of the sister you loved and who loved you, give it up!"

"If she had been in my place, she would have avenged my wrongs," she answered doggedly. "Oh, Doctor Pearson, I know how sincerely you wish me well; but even your entreaties cannot prevail with me now! I believe I am right."

"Right—in cherishing revenge? Have you forgotten those words, 'Vengeance is mine'?"

"It is not revenge; it is justice!" she replied quickly.

"In your present state of mind, you are incapable of administering justice, Mabel," he answered sadly. "But I can say no more, and my words are useless."

A short silence ensued; then the doctor said:

"Mrs. Fane goes with you to London?"

"Yes, Dorcas goes with me."

"When do you go?"

"To-morrow morning."

"So soon?" he said sorrowfully. "Well,

I cannot wish you god-speed, my poor child. You will come back?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" and with a sudden tenderness she put both her hands in his. "Don't be anxious about me—don't blame me—don't think badly of me! I am forced to do it by some power which I cannot resist. When I come back I shall be your own little Bell again, and you will love me as you did in the old days, the old happy days before I went away."

"I love you now," he rejoined sadly. "And I would give all I possess to turn you from your purpose."

Holding her hands in his, he looked down pleadingly, sadly, compassionately at the fair face all moved and quivering now in the momentary softness which touched her; and as she met his kind, sorrowful glance and remembered how faithful and good a friend he had always been to her and hers, she shuddered slightly with the first fear which had yet assailed her.

Could she really be doing wrong?—was her project not merely a foolish but a sinful one?

For a moment the brave heart quailed under the weight of his reasoning, the earnestness and sorrow of his warnings, and, perhaps, if he had known that sudden misgiving, and had again pressed his entreaties, she might have yielded and saved herself from both sin and sorrow, but he did not.

Even with her hands in his, her heart hardened again. No one felt with her, no one sympathized but one, a weak woman like herself. Well, she and Dorcas must manage as best they could without assistance.

"And you go to-morrow?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, we go to-morrow," she returned steadily. "And when I come back I shall be your little Bell again, never fear."

"When I come back!"

Ah! if either of them could but have foreseen how and when she would come back!

CHAPTER X.

So many years had elapsed since a brass plate, bearing the names Clark, Freeman, and Holt, had been placed on the door of the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields occupied by that distinguished firm of solicitors, that few people living could remember when it first appeared there.

It held undivided possession of the old oak door; no other firm shared the house, which was entirely occupied by the offices, except the basement, where the old hall-porter and his wife lived.

It was an old-fashioned house, upon which no attempt at modern alterations had been made; no plate-glass windows had superseded the queer, many-tinted panes of glass; the massive mahogany furniture had been supplemented, perhaps by the improved writing tables and arm-chairs, but no other innovations had been introduced, and the house and offices were gloomy, notwithstanding the glitter of the carefully-burnished brass plate, and the cleanliness of the queer-shaped bottle-green panes of glass.

There was no need of big windows and handsome office furniture to impress the beholder with the respectability of the firm, which was well-known as one of the best and oldest in London.

A pallid gleam of wintry sunshine had found its way into the private room of the head of the firm, and rested upon the gray head as he sat before his writing-table.

It was a room on the first floor, and its three long, narrow, curtainless windows overlooked the square. It was large and lofty, plain and comfortably furnished, with substantial old-fashioned articles, which had withstood the wear and tear of time.

Rows of japanned deed-boxes, bearing in white letters some of the foremost names of the land, lined the walls; book-cases, full of soberly-bound books, stood on either side of the fire-place, where a cheerful coal-fire was burning; and the entire appearance of the room was one of grave respectability and responsibility,—an appearance shared by Mr. Clark himself, as he sat by his writing table, thoughtfully considering a letter which he held open before him.

The centre of the room was entirely occupied by the large double writing-table strewn with papers. Two or three chairs, and a well-worn Turkey carpet completed the furniture, with the exception of a well-cushioned leg-rest, upon which Mr. Clark's left foot rested, enveloped in wrappings which spoke rather eloquently if silently of that insidious enemy of mankind—gout.

Notwithstanding his sixty-five years, Mr. Clark was still a handsome man. Time had been powerless to mar his clear, well-cut features; his hair was still luxuriant, his blue eyes keen and bright. They were rather unusually bright, indeed, just then with anger, as they gleamed from under his bushy eyebrows, and glanced from the letter in his hand to the swathed foot which bore silent witness to his suffering, and to the fact that the head of the eminent firm of lawyers was not exempt from the ills of humanity, with an expression which seemed to indicate some connection between the two.

Gout, gentle reader mine, is by no means a pleasant companion-r but when gout interferes with the performance of duty, its companionship seems especially unpleasant to an active and energetic man whose chief pleasure in life is in his work.

The letter Mr. Clark held, and which he was regarding with such contemplation, had arrived by the foreign post half an hour previously, and it had received his gravest and keenest attention ever since. It was a long letter, written in a feminine handwriting, small, pointed, fair, the caligraphy of a passing generation; and that its contents were not agreeable to the old lawyer was evident from his expression, from the abrupt manner with which he touched a bell at his elbow, and the scarcely concealed impatience with which he awaited the answer to his summons. It came almost immediately, in the person of a rather startled-looking clerk.

"Send Mr. Holt to me," the old lawyer said curtly, and the messenger departed promptly, closing the door after him with an expression of relief, while Mr. Clark once more resumed his perusal of the letter, which seemed to interest and annoy him in an equal degree.

He had not the time, however, to re-peruse the closely written lines, when the door opened, and a young man entered,—a handsome fellow, in a faultlessly cut suit of dark tweed, with a yellow rose in his button-hole, and an air of fashion about him which was somewhat out of harmony with the sombre, dingy room, and erect, black, clear figure by the table.

"You wanted me, sir?" he said pleasantly.

"Doubtless, or I would not have sent for you. Sit down, Alick."

The words were dryly but not unkindly spoken, and the keen blue eyes softened a little as they rested on the handsome young face, in which there was a shadowy likeness to his own.

"I have a letter here which I want to show you," Mr. Clark continued, throwing it across the table to his nephew as he seated himself.

"Read it carefully through, if you please, Alick."

Alick Holt took the letter, with something like curiosity in his dark eyes: it was rather unusual for his uncle to consult him about any particular business.

He read it through carefully once, then, going to the beginning, read it again the second time.

"It seems rather unjust," he said then, quietly, without lifting his eyes from the closely written lines of the letter he still held.

"Rather unjust!" echoed the old lawyer. "The enormous injustice of the whole thing is manifest; but when was woman governed by justice or reason, or anything but some foolish sentimentality?"

Alick Holt hid a slight smile under his smart little moustache. Perhaps he thought Mr. Clark's opinion of women not a very reliable one, seeing that he had never cared enough for one to make her his wife, and had lived in single blessedness.

"I should have thought," he said calmly, "that Mrs. Hamilton had outlived the age of sentimentality."

"Women never do that," replied his uncle grimly. "She is only middle-aged, moreover, and middle-aged women are mostly sentimental."

Again the young man smiled, but he said nothing. A warm affection existed between him and his uncle, but he was a little afraid of the old lawyer's caustic tongue, and Mr. Clark was, as he could see, and as, indeed, he was prepared for, by the perusal of the letter, exceedingly and justly displeased.

A short silence followed. Mr. Holt rose and stationed himself before the fire, turning his back upon it, in that attitude so dear to an Englishman's heart. Mr. Clark was meditating, with a grim expression on his face, probably induced by his last remark.

"Of course we must endeavor to prevent this," he resumed; "such a will as she proposes to make would be manifestly unjust. This girl has no claim upon her at all, and her husband's nephew has a strong one, and——"

"But am I mistaken in supposing that her fortune was her own—that she scarcely received anything from her husband?" interrogated Alick rather hastily.

"That is so, no doubt," answered Mr. Clark promptly. "What little Hamilton left, she made over to his nephew some time since; but Geoffrey Hamilton was brought up in the expectation of inheriting, at least, some of her wealth. He is her natural heir, too; for she is a lonely woman, without a relative of her own in the world."

"I always understood from Hamilton that she did not look upon him with favorable eyes!"

"I believe she did not, either," replied the old lawyer coldly; "but for all that she made a will in his favor some years ago, which is in my possession. She used to call him wild and extravagant; but I always attributed her dislike to the fact that her husband had been very fond of him, and she, as a childless woman, was jealous of the boy in whom her husband took so much interest."

"Perhaps that was it," replied his nephew thoughtfully. "It seems awfully hard lines that Geoff should be cut off without a shilling."

"That in any case must be prevented," Mr. Clark said decisively. "She must be overruled in that; if we cannot manage anything else, she might be induced to divide her wealth. Fifteen thousand a year will bear dividing, and it would be absurd for her to leave it all to this girl whom she has known rather more than a year. I wish to goodness," he added irritably, "that I had never introduced them to each other."

"You? Did you introduce them, Uncle Unwin?"

"I regret to say that I did. Of course you recognized the girl's name. She is the daughter of our old client Stanley, of Dingle, and is, poor child, almost as much alone in the world as it is possible to be. When her sister died, about eighteen months ago, she came to London, and I forget how it all came about, but it was quite naturally and accidentally, I know, I introduced her to Mrs. Hamilton, who took an immense fancy to her."

"That is evident from her letter," young Holt remarked, glancing at the closely-written epistle which he had replaced upon his uncle's table.

"Yes," replied the older man with a slight sneer. "She writes quite eloquently about the 'new life and happiness she has had in Mabel Stanley: of her tender care and attention.' 'If she had been my own child,' she says, 'she could not be dearer to me.' But although she may love her as if she were her own child, that is no reason why she should commit such an act of flagrant injustice."

"Certainly not!" replied Alick warmly. "Fifteen thousand a year will bear division, and seven or eight thousand will be quite sufficient recompense for Miss Stanley's devotion. Do you know much of her, Uncle Unwin?"

"Not much," answered his uncle, thoughtfully. "She was a charming girl when I saw her first, with the most fascinating manner; but her sister's death altered her in the most remarkable way. She—Miss Stanley—died very suddenly of heart-disease, which is in the family, and this poor child had but just returned from school when her death occurred. A few weeks afterwards she came to London with her maid, and she seemed quite a different person. She was moody, morose, cold, and reserved. Your Aunt Dora thought, indeed, that her mind was affected, she was so strange at times."

"Not a pleasant companion, one would have supposed."

"Oh! doubtless she has long since recovered the shock of her sister's death," remarked Mr. Clark. And, as I said, she was very unusually attractive in person and manner. But there is no time for discussing Miss Stanley's attractions," he added; "it is just possible that she may have the additional one of fifteen thousand a year, if we are not cautious."

"Can we prevent it?" asked the young man dubiously.

"We will endeavor to do so," replied his uncle dryly. "Of course the will in favor of Miss Mabel Stanley must be drawn up as she desires, and I will have another one drawn up at the same time, which shall be a little more just in its provisions. Now, Alick, can I trust you with this matter? It is an important one, which I should manage myself if I were not tied by the leg here. Confound it! And she would not be pleased if I sent Hanson; she would not understand that, clerk as he is, he is a far more important member of the firm than you are!"

Holt laughed good-humoredly.

"I am quite willing to concede the point," he said carelessly.

"You can't do otherwise," was the prompt reply. "But, during Mr. Freeman's absence, Hanson is indispensable here; so you must go. At least, you are a partner, so that she cannot imagine we are guilty of disrespect. She is ill, as you have read, and she wants me to go, but——"

Another expressive glance at his bandaged leg completed the sentence; the young man, too, looked at it, with rather a rueful countenance.

"Is the matter so very pressing?" he asked. "You, yourself, might be able to go in a few days, sir."

"If you had read Mrs. Hamilton's letter carefully, you would have seen that she says her illness is one which might end fatally at any moment," replied Mr. Clark coldly. "If I could go, I should not hesitate, although it would be most inconvenient to be absent for so long from home; but as my going is utterly impossible, there is nothing for it but for you to undertake this business, Alick."

"I will do so to the best of my ability, sir," the young man assured him quietly.

"That's right," returned his uncle cordially. "Do your best; no man can do more. Hanson is a better lawyer than you are, but there is no knowledge of the law requisite here, for you will take the two wills with you. What you have to do, Alick, is to show her the imprudence—you need say nothing about injustice; women don't mind that—of leaving such great wealth in the control of a young girl, and press young Hamilton's claims. By-the-by, do you know much of him? I suppose there can be no good reason for disinheriting him?"

"I don't know much of him, sir; but he is no better nor worse than his fellow creatures, I believe," replied young Holt smiling. "He's an artist, you know—not a very good one, I believe—and somebody told me that he was a little wild before he sobered down and set to work in earnest."

"I suppose if he were a scoundrel, you would know it by some means or other," remarked Mr. Clark. "I am interested in him for two reasons; I knew his mother years ago—a pretty, useless doll she was, but your poor grandmother was fond of her; and I don't like such a palpable injustice as this one. Why, if the woman must leave her money away from him, let her leave it to the hospitals; it would do some good there; it won't if a foolish girl litters it away on laces and follies. Besides," he added gravely, "I feel myself in a great degree responsible for Mabel Stanley's acquaintance with Mrs. Hamilton; I introduced them to each other, and I must say that I thought it a good thing for them both when they appeared to amalgamate. It was a good thing for Mrs. Hamilton to have something young and bright and pretty to go about with her, and it was equally desirable that Mabel should have a *chaperon*; but I never anticipated such a thing as this.

"Who could?" Alick Holt remarked, with a shrug of his shoulders. "If Miss Stanley is an upright, honorable girl, she herself will put a stop to this absurd idea of making her sole heiress to a person almost a stranger."

Mr. Clark smiled grimly.

"Fifteen thousand a year is a very great temptation," he said coolly. "Stronger minds than Mabel Stanley's have succumbed to a lesser one. However, I have good hopes that you may be successful."

"I'll do my best," the young man said thoughtfully. "No man can do more; and since you really think me capable of undertaking the business, I must endeavor so to act that you do not find your confidence misplaced."

"I am sure you will do that," his uncle said cordially. "My only fear of you is that you may be influenced by the fact that you have two women to contend with. Mabel is a very charming creature, she made an impression even upon me, so you must harden your heart, Alick! Don't let her fascinate you, my boy! If she were the honest girl I thought her, she would never have allowed Mrs. Hamilton to contemplate such a will as the one for which she gives instructions here," he added, touching the letter with his forefinger; "and such a reflection ought to be enough to harden your heart against her."

"It is quite enough," Alick Holt replied sternly. "You need not be afraid, sir! My heart will be as hard as the nether millstone to her fascinations, be they ever so great."

"Then make your preparations at once," replied his uncle. "I will write you a check for expenses, which had better be cashed at once. In this letter you will find instructions how to reach this place where they are staying. As out of the way hole, of course, some miles from a station or town. You had better leave by the mail-

coach from Charing Cross in the morning," he added, as he took his check book from a drawer in the table and filled in a check in clear, unlawyer-like handwriting. "And, mind you, put the case before Mrs. Hamilton as clearly as you can. Don't allow your admiration for youth or beauty to induce you to give it up. Do your best for young Hamilton."

"Trust me, sir," Allck said audaciously. "I'll put myself in his place."

Mr. Clark smiled.

"Give Jeffrey instructions about the—or rather, send him to me, as the wills must be drawn up at once. And don't leave without seeing me again."

"Certainly not, sir," the young man answered, as he turned to leave the room. "You remain here to-night?"

"Yes, it saves me such a lot of pain in this confounded spot," replied the old lawyer grimly. "And Mrs. Peters can cook a chop and prepare the messes, which is all that Jessop will let me have, better than your aunt's *cordon bleu*, who thinks herself the perfection of a cook."

"She's not far wrong," laughed Allck. "It is a thousand pities that you are debarred from her soups and *entrees*. Now I'll go and study Bradshaw," he added.

The laugh died out of his eyes as he left the room, and his pleasant face grew grave in the thoughtfulness engendered by the rather difficult mission with which he was entrusted.

"Don't forget to send me Jeffrey," called out his uncle.

When the clerk came, the lawyer, with a testiness unusual to him, gave instructions for drawing up two wills, one of which was according to his client's desire, leaving all the property Mrs. Hamilton possessed to Miss Stanley; the other, dictated by Mr. Clark, contained that division of the property which was certainly more in accordance with justice and common sense, between the girl, who seemed to have acquired such an influence over her, and her husband's nephew, who was her nearest of kin, distant as his relationship undoubtedly was.

When the clerk had left him, the old lawyer sat for some minutes in deep thought, leaving his work disregarded on the table.

He was thinking of the girl whom he had seen eighteen months before at the gloomy railway station, which her presence had seemed to brighten, and contrasting her radiant loveliness with the pale, statuesque beauty of the woman who had arrived in London six weeks later, with such sombre, dark eyes, and rigid, scarlet lips.

"There's some mystery in it if I could only fathom it," he muttered to himself, as he raised his head and pushed back his thick gray hair. "It can't be that the girl is as false and mercenary as she looks the reverse. It's a risk sending Allck, but it can't be helped. He seemed to see the injustice of it, but Mabel is pretty enough to win a less impressionable man over to her side. I wish to goodness they had never met, but it is too late to allow that now."

He sighed as he resumed the work which the foreign post had interrupted, and in his interest in it, Mrs. Hamilton's letter was partly forgotten. Half-an-hour had passed when he was disturbed by a knock at the door.

"A telegram, if you please," said the clerk, who entered, holding the orange-colored missive.

Mr. Clark took it from him, and as he read it his face changed.

"Send Mr. Holt to me," he said quickly, and he waited impatiently during the minute or two which elapsed between the departure of his messenger and the entrance of his nephew, who came hurrying in, looking a little startled and expectant.

"You must make ready to start at once," his uncle said briefly, and travel by whatever route be quickest. Read that and don't lose a minute."

With increasing astonishment at the suppressed excitement in his uncle's usually calm and composed manner, the young man read the telegram rapidly—

"From Mabel Stanley to Unwin Clark. Pray come to us at once. Mrs. Hamilton is very ill; we fear dying."

CHAPTER XI.

IT WAS late on the evening of the second day after he had left London that Allck Holt arrived at the little roadside station which Mrs. Hamilton's letter had named as the nearest to the village where she was lying ill. The journey had been not only a long, but a very disagreeable and tedious one. It would have been tedious at any time—for Derdignon was only attainable from branch lines, and in most cases the young lawyer found that the trains, so far from corresponding with each other, were timed so as to be as much as possible an inconvenience to the unfortunate travellers who were at their mercy; but at this season of the year, early in December, when the daylight was so soon over, and cold winds and occasional snow-showers prevailed, it was doubly tedious.

Sunny-tempered as Allck Holt usually was, he found his good humor fail him more than once at the interminable list of inconveniences and small worries which made his journey so uncomfortable; and it was with a positive sense of relief that he alighted at the little roadside station, where he hoped to find some vehicle to take him to the little village at whose inn Mrs. Hamilton was staying.

"What in the world brought her to such a place as this?" he muttered, as, portmanteau in hand, he stood on the little platform, and gazed helplessly around him in the darkness of the early winter's night. "It may be all very well in the summer, but at this time of the year it must be the acme of wretchedness."

There was only one official at the station, who seemed to combine in his own person the offices of station-master, booking-clerk, and railway porter.

He was a rather gloomy, morose personage, which gloom and moroseness were probably induced by the heavy responsibilities which rested upon his shoulders.

Neither did he appear to possess the quick intelligence and politeness of his country people, for he answered Allck Holt's questions rather gruffly, and evidently thought it a bore to try and understand his halting French.

It was only with some difficulty, therefore, that the young lawyer understood that there was no vehicle to be obtained at that time of night, or indeed at any time at Derdignon; that the village was about a mile from the station, rather more, perhaps, but it was a straight road, and monsieur could scarcely lose himself if he tried.

Allck thanked him for the information, ungraciously given though it was, and something in the Englishman's frank and pleasant manner softened his disagreeable tone.

With a little hesitation, which was due to the fact that he was not quite sure how the offer would be received, he said that he was going himself to the village.

His duties were over for the day, no other train passed the station until the next morning, so if the stranger liked to accept his guidance he would be glad to walk with him.

Mr. Holt frankly expressed his pleasure at the proposal; and company, even that of a strange man, with whose language he was anything but familiar, was preferable to a long, lonely walk in the darkness over a road which he had never traversed before.

He waited, portmanteau in hand, until the station-master had extinguished the oil lamps and locked the door of the little, bare waiting room, then they started down a tolerably well-kept road, dimly lighted by the faint light of the cloud-obscured moon.

"Just as well Uncle Unwin did not come himself," thought Mr. Clark's nephew, as he pulled up the collar of his fur-lined coat as they faced the keen, cold night wind. "It would have been the death of him! What in the world possessed these women to come here? It was madness! I wonder if they have had a doctor. Is it possible to make this French fellow understand a few questions, I wonder? Why in the world was my French neglected for Latin and Greek?"

Allck Holt's knowledge of French was that of the average Englishman who has been educated at one of the public schools and at college; he might, perhaps, have made himself understood in a shop or at an hotel, but anything of a conversation was entirely beyond him.

Still his intense desire to obtain, if possible, a little information about Mrs. Hamilton, mastered his shyness and his truly English reluctance to, and fear of, making himself ridiculous.

"Have you many visitors here in the summer?" in his slow, imperfect French.

The station-master shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Very few," he replied, and so far his answer was intelligible, but the remainder, in which he added that there was nothing at Derdignon to attract strangers, was not understood.

"And in the winter?" Allck asked.

"In the winter it is rare that anyone at all comes here," was the gloomy reply.

"There is accommodation for visitors, I suppose?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"There is an *auberge*," he replied carelessly; "such as it is."

Every minute increased the lawyer's bewilderment. What had induced Mrs. Hamilton to come to such a place as this?

A woman in delicate health, accustomed to all the luxury which money could procure, must find existence in such a place most wearisome; she would have some difficulty in obtaining the necessaries of life: its luxuries and refinements were unobtainable most certainly.

"Is there a doctor in the village?" he asked anxiously.

"A doctor?" replied the other, with a slight, disdainful laugh; "no, monsieur, there is no doctor." Then with some increase of interest in his manner, he went on, "Monsieur has, perhaps, come to Derdignon to see the English lady who is here ill?"

"Yes," Allck answered eagerly. "Can you tell me anything about her? Is she better?"

The eagerness with which he spoke made the Frenchman think that the stranger was related to the English lady whose advent in the village had been the cause of intense excitement to its inhabitants. Something of sympathy and commiseration softened his voice as he answered the question.

"I fear not, monsieur," he said. "Monsieur le Docteur Lecaille returned to Lyons by the train which left this afternoon at four-twenty. He had with him a doctor from Paris, who was telegraphed for yesterday and who arrived this morning. I had, naturally, no conversation with these gentlemen, but, from what I overheard them say as they entered the car, the poor old lady cannot possibly have survived until now."

"Do you mean that she is dead?" queried the lawyer, wishing that he could understand clearly the meaning of his companion's fluent, swiftly-spoken words.

"Most probably, monsieur," the other replied, more slowly. "The doctors said that, unless by a miracle, she could not live an hour after they left her! And that is some hours ago, monsieur, and the age of miracles is passed."

They walked on in silence for some time. The station-master imagining that Allck was overcome by his tidings, left him to his own thoughts as they plodded on through dark lanes.

The bitter winter blast blew straight in their faces, whirling a few flakes of snow as it came, and whistling dismally through the tall, bare poplar trees which bordered the roadside; but Allck Holt heeded neither wind nor cold; he was absorbed in thought.

If this man were correct in his assertion, would not a great injustice be averted? In his portmanteau, unsigned were two wills which had been drawn up by Mr. Clark's orders; in one of the japanned boxes in his uncle's office was that other will which made Geoffrey Hamilton a wealthy man, duly signed and witnessed.

Was it not well, perhaps, that Mrs. Hamilton should die without altering her original and almost equitable intentions? Miss Stanley was already sufficiently provided for; Geoffrey Hamilton was her husband's nephew and adopted son; it was but right he should inherit her wealth. Her lawyers had done what they could to meet her wishes; they were not to blame if they had come too late.

The silence remained unbroken for some time, then footsteps were heard approaching them from the direction of the village, and a tall, dark form was dimly visible in the darkness.

"Is that the gentleman sent by Mr. Clark?" said a voice that was unmistakably English."

"Yes," Allck said eagerly, "I am Mr. Holt. I fear I have come too late," he said, as the man who had met them turned and walked back by his side.

"Too late!" he replied. "Oh, no, sir, my mistress is still alive, and most anxious for your arrival."

"Still alive. Is there any chance then o recovery?"

"None whatever, sir, The doctor from Paris agreed with the other gentleman from Lyons that there was not the slightest chance of recovery. Miss Stanley begs, sir," he went on gravely, "that you will defer resting after your long journey until you have seen my mistress. Every minute is of importance."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MANNERS more reserved and harsh, less complaisant and frank, only serve to give a false idea of piety to the people of the world, who are already but too much prejudiced against it, and who believe that we cannot serve God but by a melancholy and austere life. Let us go on our way in the simplicity of our hearts, with the peace and joy that are the fruits of the Holy Spirit.

Bric-a-Brac.

TEACHING BEARS.—The gypsies of Transylvania teach young bears to dance by placing them on heated iron plates while the trainer plays on his fiddle. The bear, lifting up its legs alternately to escape the heat, involuntarily observes the time marked by the violin, and eventually learns to lift his legs whenever he hears music.

BULLDOGS.—Stories of two bulldogs come from the West. One of the dogs belongs in Springfield, Mo., and, "when the fire burns low in the fireplace before which he is accustomed to lie, he goes to the woodshed, gets a stick of wood, and puts it on the coals." The other dog lived in Racine, Wis., and was not as intelligent as the Missouri canine. He tried to jump through a swiftly-revolving fly-wheel, and, it is said, "partly succeeded. A part of him got through and other parts went off in different directions."

THE LEADER OF THE CAMELS.—When a herd of camels travels it is usually headed by a strong bull, which acts the part of leader. This officer is necessary. He has to keep the rest in order. You can easily tell the value of his services when, from illness or other cause, he is not able to attend to his duties. Then the herd, and especially the younger members of it, grow restless and wayward. Each wants to be master, and mutiny becomes the order—or disorder, rather—of the day. It has always seemed odd to me that in Asia Minor this leading of camel caravans is often done by donkeys. Did we not know that in the East the donkey is regarded with great respect, we might almost be inclined to think that this had something to do with the camel's reputation for stupidity. The camel has been turned to use in other lands than its own. Victor Emmanuel had a herd of two hundred near Pisa, in Italy, where some thirty of them were employed in the labor of the farm and regularly lodged in stalls. The rest roamed in freedom among the pine forests and on the sands of the seashore.

FACTS ABOUT FLAGS.—Some of the uses of flags are worth noting. To display a red flag is a sign of defiance. When a ship is about to sail it is often customary to run a blue flag (the "blue peter") to her masthead. After an execution in jail a black flag is hoisted. Pirates hoisted a black flag. A white flag is a symbol of peace, and when displayed from a fortress means submission; in warfare it signifies a truce. On railroads a green flag is waved to denote that the train must proceed with caution. When a great person dies it is usual to hang the flag half-mast high as a mark of respect. When one ship surrenders to another it is said to strike its flag, but when they salute they dip their flags, that is, lower them a little and then raise them. A flag-ship is the admiral's ship, or the ship in which he is sailing. Those officers who have the right to a flag to show their rank are styled flag-officers. Only admirals, vice-admirals, rear admirals, and commodores possess this right. The admiral carries his flag at the main-mast, the vice-admiral his at the fore, the rear-admiral his at the mizzen.

NATURE'S WONDERS.—Nature sometimes works wonders in the way of art. There has been found in Italy a marble, in which a crucifix was so elaborately finished, that there appeared the nails, the drops of blood, and the wounds, as perfectly as the most excellent painter could have performed it. At Sneilberg, in Germany, was found in a mine a certain rough metal, on which was seen the figure of a man, who carried a child on his back. In Provence they found in a mine, a quantity of natural figures of birds, trees, rats, and serpents; and in some places of the western part of Tartary, are seen on different rocks, the figures of camels, horses, and sheep. There is preserved in the British Museum, a black stone, on which nature has sketched a resemblance of the portrait of Chaucer. Stones of this kind, possessing a sufficient degree of resemblance, are rare; but art appears not to have been used. Even in plants, we find this sort of resemblance. There is a species of the orchis found in the mountainous parts of England. Nature has formed a bee, apparently feeding in the breast of the flower, with so much exactness, that it is impossible at a very small distance to distinguish the imposition. Hence the plant derives its name, and is called the Bee-flower.

No company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.

THE TEA PLANT.

BY WALTER COOPER.

This is a story a friend told me
As we took together a cup of tea:

"A priest of Buddha, devout and gray,
Had served his God in his own true way,
Had prayed at noonday and plead at night,
When the sun went down and at earliest light,
Till he felt upborne by the power so given,
As in later days it has come from heaven
To those who for our Lord's sake died,
At the martyr's stake with a holy pride.
The good old priest thought he had the power
From Buddha so given that hour by hour
He could pray and preach and never know
The need of rest; a ceaseless flow
Of speech, like a stream from a living well,
The power and grace of his God would tell.
He essayed the task, but his flesh was weak,
And ere long his tongue had refused to speak,
And just as the sun began to rise,
The lids closed over the weary eyes,
And nature, asserting her mighty sway,
The good priest slept until broad-day.
(He never heard of the twelve who slept,
While our Lord His bitter vigil kept.)
He awoke with a start, and through his frame,
From head to foot, ran a thrill of shame;
And from his girdle a knife he drew,
His eyelids severed and from him threw,
And Buddha took him from mortal view.
Where the eyelids fell a plant sprang up
The leaves of which make the pleasant cup
Which cheers the Hindoo in far Assam,
Or the Persian prince in Shaudikam;
Which soothes the Celestial in far Cathay,
And in Paris is supped as the Fleur de The.
Do you wonder now when a cup you take
That you lie for hours and hours awake?
Why, 'tis all for that poor priest's eyelids' sake."

Would you ever believe such a story could be
O'er so simple a thing as a cup of tea?

From Out the Storm.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DICK'S SWEETHEART," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHY, Wriothesley, you, old man! After all these centuries! When did you come home, and from where? Bless my stars, what a bomb you are, exploding under one's feet when least expected! I say, I must go on with old Lady Tattersall now; but I must have a talk with you by-and-by."

He was swept onward by the crowd, and Wriothesley, with a sense of impatience, felt that his chances of remaining there unnoticed were smaller than ever.

He had come for a purpose, had come uninvited, being sure of his welcome, as old Lady Blaine was his godmother, and adored him; but the purpose was not yet fulfilled; and, though disinclined to re-enter society in so melodramatic a fashion, he found he could not leave until he had seen her whom he had come to see.

He was idly threading his way through a densely-crowded music-room when once again his progress was arrested.

This time the voice was low and very soft, so mere a whisper that he could not distinguish the tone, and the one word uttered was:

"Fulke!"

He could hardly bring himself to turn. He knew it could not be Closly Verulam or —or his wife; they were both safe away up in the North in that old castle of his, and he was conscious of a sense of thankfulness that it was so.

But who was this? He moved round very slowly so as to meet the speaker, and looked into the warm eyes of Leonie Scarlett.

He felt the color recede from his lips and brow.

In one moment there was an upheaval of the studied calm of eighteen months, and all things—things he had honestly sought to forget, rushed back upon him in an overwhelmed flood.

He stood staring at her as if fascinated; he felt chilled to his heart's core, crushed by the memory of all that past misery—the passion, the terrible awakening, the despair.

Mrs. Scarlett, watching him, noted the emotion he could not suppress, and a thrill of triumph sent a sudden flush to her beautiful face.

He was here still then—her own! That baby, that pale little dunce, was nothing to him; she was all.

Oh, the sweetness of it! She would reign still in a heart for which that other would give all her conquests willingly; her revenge; she felt, was ready; her power had been greater than ever she deemed it—that long year and a half of absence had failed to vanquish it.

"Home!" she said, in a low seductive voice. "In town, and never to tell me! How cruel! Had you then quite forgotten?"

"I arrived only yesterday," replied he, in a dull sort of way. "There was little time; I came here to-night to——"

He was speaking disconnectedly, and now he stopped.

"To see me?" asked she softly.

"Yes, to see you."

The old evanescent smile, how well he remembered it! and yet was it quite like that? flitted across her face.

"There is no chance of getting a quiet moment here," said she hurriedly; but, if —your dance, Sir Wilmot?—but, if to-morrow—you know the old address? If you can come to-morrow——"

"To-morrow, yes," replied he very quickly.

He was longing to be gone, to find himself alone, that he might think and in a measure recover himself.

He made his way through the throng to an open doorway that commanded a view of the ball-room; he wanted to see her again, when she was not there to compel him to listen and answer—to see the woman to whom he had given room in his heart all this long weary time.

She had stopped dancing, and was standing in a recess with her partner who seemed decidedly spris, and was slowly waving her fan from side to side.

Her eyes gleamed large and brilliant, her red lips were parted with the pleasurable fatigue of dancing; and, as Wriothesley looked, she laughed lightly, seemingly at some remark of her companion.

There was a feverish gaiety about her that enhanced her charms and was born of that late triumph she believed she had achieved over the man who had loved her and whom she had betrayed.

She felt young again, buoyant, equal to the defiance of a world of foolish women who, in spite of all that kindly Nature had dealt out to them, were so poverty-stricken that they could not hold the very men to whom they were bound.

There was a languid lustre in her eyes, a warmth in her whole air that contrasted favorably with her usual icy coldness. One felt that there was a certain danger in her beauty that night.

She was so supremely lovely, far lovelier than when in those by-gone days she had lured him to her feet!

He thought again of that past wild agony —how he had knelt and prayed to a stone. Yes; she had grown more beautiful since; and yet, what was it?

A curious change passed over him as he looked at her; it was indeed a moment in his life not to be lightly regarded.

Suddenly the old order changed, the past cast its skin, as it were, and in an instant the old glamor had slipped from him, and he stood there emancipated—free—the poorer, yet the richer, for his loss!

It struck him as being almost terrible, this quick sense of freedom.

The love he had been hugging to his heart, cherishing it—against his sternest resolves—to keep it warm, was, now that he threw back the coverings that hid it, found to be stone-dead within his arms!

He pondered this thing that had come to him, and it was at last with a sense of shame that he acknowledged to himself the truth, he was of that kind that must be termed fickle; he was unstable in all things.

Yet, in spite of his self-abasement, he could not control the happiness that surged within him.

He had been so long in thrall to a fruitless passion that now to be free set his pulses throbbing in a quick delight.

He leaned against a friendly wall, and a heavy sigh escaped him—a sigh of rapture.

Next to him were two men, also propped against this friendly wall that seemed made for the reception of waifs and strays; and presently Wriothesley became aware that they were talking. One or two words they used caught his ear.

"Mrs. Scarlett is out out at last," said one of them, a tall military-looking man.

"Yes," said his companion sharply, a considerably younger man; "the new beauty has quite eclipsed her. Well, she couldn't hold on for ever, you know. Very much the wrong side of thirty, close upon forty, I'm told; but one takes that with a grain of salt. By Jove, if it's true, she ought to sell the secret! It would fetch a good deal nowadays."

"Did you hear that?" said the other. "Well, forty has it; she's that, they say, and they always know somehow. But, forty or not, she's the handsomest woman I know, by many."

"I suppose she won't take kindly to the usurper? It's rough on her after such a long and undisputed reign. I often think how cruel a moment it must be for a woman who has held the sceptre so triumphantly when she finds she must relinquish it not so much to superior beauty, that would be bad enough, but to youth; there lies the sting!"

"The oddest part of this affair is that the two women are so alike. Did you hear that there was a relationship there?" with a knowing glance.

"No; nor did you either," said the other, with a good-natured laugh. "Don't let us run riot in romance. As to the resemblance you speak of, it is there, I allow, but transient, hardly worthy of comment."

"Why, my dear fellow, the coloring, or rather the very novel want of coloring, the eyes, the very shape of the face, all correspond!"

"So would the features of half a dozen other women I know; but the expression—where is that? It is so totally different that they might be two beings out of different spheres; one is like an angel, the other ——"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Severe, too severe by half."

"So far from it that I will confess to you that of the two types I prefer the second, that is, Mrs. Scarlett."

"She still has her worshippers then," said the elder man, laughing loudly, "you and me? Pray the gods we prove not rivals."

"She has more life, more grace. One, as I have said, is an angel; but angels pall on one after a while. I prefer the diablerie that distinguishes Mrs. Scarlett."

"You will find yourself alone in that preference," said drily a third man who had just joined them.

Wriothesley had listened deliberately, hoping to hear the name of the fresh beauty who had evidently, as he gathered from their conversation, taken the world of London by storm and threatened to destroy Mrs. Scarlett's prestige; he knew it was the girl in white velvet upon whom his eyes had fallen when first he entered the rooms, and he felt a certain anxiety to know her name.

He did not account to himself for this anxiety, which was a vague one, and had nothing to do with the admiration with which she had inspired him; he was conscious only of the fact that he feared as much as he longed to learn her name.

He was not to hear it then however. The trio moved away, talking now of something entirely foreign to either beauty or rivalry; and Wriothesley, with a sense of disappointment, disappeared through a door on his left, and made his way to a tiny boudoir well known to him which, being rather apart from the rest of the rooms, left him a faint hope that it might be untenanted.

It was a charming little apartment hung with amber satin and lavishly supplied with hot-house flowers.

For the moment he found his desire gratified—it was indeed deserted; and, with a sigh of relief, he flung himself upon a couch and let his brow fall forward into his palm.

He was thinking deeply, compelling himself to go back to those old scenes in which Leonie had played so strong a part, and when he had believed no time could impair the passion he then felt for her.

He was still dreaming thus when the sound of approaching voices roused him.

He changed his position, withdrawing into the shadow of a cushioned window as the thick satin curtain that guarded the entrance was pushed aside to permit the entrance of two persons.

"If she said that, I certainly should not lose heart. Closly is difficult, I grant you; but some time there always comes a lucky moment. Wait for yours. Yes; leave me now. It is your dance with her, I know; and I shall be glad to have a quiet five minutes here all to myself. A little unsociable, isn't it? But such a crush, such a crowd, it is intolerable! Oh, Sir George, if you should see my partner, it is Lord Castlerock—do not—I command you"—laughing, "divulge my hiding-place!"

"Madam, your word is law," said Sir George, bowing low.

He went away; and Marvel, with a little comfortable sigh, leaned back amongst her cushions.

At the sound of her voice Wriothesley had started, and now raised his head, to find himself looking at the girl who had so attracted him on his first entrance. Who was she?

What was there about her to make his heart beat so convulsively? He felt as though he were on the verge of some mystery and dreaded the discovery of it. What an exquisite face she had.

She held herself like a young queen. There was indeed a lovely distinction about her to which few could lay claim.

He pushed aside the curtain of the window, and the rings that held it ran together with a slight but sharp noise.

It induced her to turn her head, and their eyes met.

Marvel rose to her feet without averting her gaze from his, and presently her face grew ghastly.

It occurred to Wriothesley that, believing herself to be alone, the sudden knowledge of his presence—standing too, as he did, half shrouded by the curtains—had unnerved her.

It was an absurd idea; but nothing better suggested itself at a moment when his brain seemed on fire with conflicting emotions.

What wild fancy was this that had now arisen and was crying aloud to him for credence?

Marvel still stood staring at him like a frozen thing. But at once she swayed a little, and, but that he sprang to her assistance, she would have fallen. Impulsively he supported her with an arm that trembled very palpably.

"I am afraid I startled you. You are faint. Will you permit me to get you a glass of wine—some water?"

He spoke hurriedly, anxiously indeed, but in the tone one would adopt to an utter stranger.

He had not had time to believe that it could indeed be she. A feeling as of death came over Marvel. He was there, speaking to her, looking at her, and he did not know her! Oh, the bitterness of it.

She tried to speak, but she could not. She was shivering as if with cold, and an awful fear that she was going to cry came over her.

She felt too as if she could not bear his touch; and, placing her hand upon his breast, she pushed him nervously from her. He obeyed the gesture and stepped back.

"You are better?" he said, trying to speak naturally, but not succeeding.

"It is so long a time? Have you quite forgotten?" said she mournfully.

She raised her hand to her throat, as though suffocating.

"Marvel!" cried he, with a burst of passionate astonishment; and he would have gone to her.

But she waved him back. It was her last effort however. The agitation, the surprise, the sound of his voice as it spoke her name —all were too much for her.

Once again but for his arm she would have fallen; and this time she was indeed insensible.

As he stood there, holding her and gazing with mixed feelings into her face, four persons came into the room.

The first was Mrs. Scarlett; and she stopped short on the threshold, as though rendered powerless by the scene before her—Wriothesley, pale, impassioned, with his wife in his arms.

The sight was unutterably hateful to her. There had been a scene. Would a reconciliation follow on it? No; she would take care to prevent that!

So much thought took up but a moment of time, so swift was the brain; and she was roused into a sense of the present by the fact of Savage's rushing quickly by her.

He hurried to where Marvel lay, still unconscious in this stranger's arms, and made a movement as if to take her from him; but Wriothesley motioned him back with one hand.

"This is presumption, sir," said Savage, in a low tone.

His face was as white as Marvel's own, his manner extremely agitated. Great Heaven, was she alive, or did that awful pallor mean death itself?

"You had better surrender this lady to her friends," he went on. "You have yet to account to me for the state in which I find her."

He hardly knew what he was saying; but Wriothesley remembered every word. It was the most absurd attack in the world, born evidently of a moment fraught with fear and anxiety; but it was impossible not to recognize the tone of possession, the agony of love alarmed, that lay beneath it and betrayed itself in every glance directed at the senseless form.

"Account to you?" said Wriothesley.

"To me—yes. Who are you who dare stand there holding her against the wishes of her friends?"

"Her husband," said Wriothesley calmly. "And you?"

Savage drew back as if stunned. He knew it then. Like a flash it all came back to him. This was the man who had stood at the door of the railway-car—the man who Marvel had told him was Lord Wriothesley.

He had made a fool of himself; but he hardly thought of that in the bitterness of the moment that found him face to face with her husband. There had always been the vague latent hope that he would never return; and now he was facing him, holding from him the one woman whom alone he desired. Thus would he hold her from him for ever.

Marvel stirred, moved a little in Wriothesley's arms, and sighed faintly. Mrs. Verulam, who, with Sir George, had also come in, was bending but vigorously chafing her hand.

She was, therefore, the first person that Marvel saw as she opened her eyes; and a gleam of passionate relief came into her face. She caught her hand; she seemed indeed to cling to her, throwing off Wriothesley's support with an ill-concealed shudder.

"He did not know me!" she said to Mrs. Verulam, in a heart-broken whisper that yet was loud enough to be heard by all.

This was the last straw—the one thing too much for the already too cruelly-burdened heart!

Mrs. Scarlett broke into a low, silvery laugh.

"It is charming! It is a little comedy!" she said, turning to Savage, who was standing with moody eyes fixed upon Marvel. "Now why is not Mr. Dameron here—he who writes plays? It would be quite a little suggestion for him. 'The husband who did not know his own wife!' What a captivating title! Very French and very effective!"

"And anything but new," said Savage lelly. "It has been done about a hundred times, I should say. It has not even the element of freshness; and for my part I see nothing extraordinary about it. People young as Lady Wriothesley grow out of recognition in a few months, to say nothing of a period bordering on two years. Mrs. Verulam, who knew her before her marriage, tells me too that she has grown marvellously more beautiful since then—since her husband last saw her, in fact."

This was a telling thrust; and Mrs. Scarlett cast a glance at him full of the deadliest hatred.

"You are a prejudiced person; you will not see the humor of it," she said sweetly. "I shall, however, keep the little scene in mind for Mr. Dameron; no doubt he will be able to make use of it."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Savage, with meaning. "If you begin to spread news about her, they will say you are jealous. That is always a poor thing, and means defeat. Besides, I shall take very good care that Dameron does not make use of your little tale, however daintily spiced it may be."

"It strikes me you go a little too far," she said, patting the palm of one hand with her fan in a curiously suppressed fashion that meant mischief. "You are very careful of Lady Wriothesley—so careful that her husband will not have to trouble himself at all. Or must we read it the other way? Dear Nigel, you are amusing always, but never so much so as when you are in love. You will allow that I should be a judge?"

Again she laughed airily, as at some exquisitely amusing memory. He had been in love with her once, it was true, and he grew hot and embarrassed beneath her deliberate gaze.

He thought her a fiend now; but there was a time when he had deemed her an angel. Had she found in him a butt for her laughter even then? She enjoyed her revenge for a while, and then said mockingly:

"I am not so nice as I was then, am I?

People are as we hold them. Yonder is your *beau ideal* now. See that she brings you as little harm as I did. What makes you so trenchant to-night? Has M'sieur's return put out your calculations?"

She looked at him keenly, and leaned a little towards him.

"It need not," she said, in a soft seductive whisper.

But, if she thought to gain over Savage as a partner in the plans she was already forming, she was for once out in her own calculations.

"A compact with you? Pas si bete," he said, with a sneer. "Look to others to join you in your unrighteous work. As for me, I thank you for the hint you have given me. An insight into your plan of warfare will enable me to put Lady Wriothesley upon her guard."

"As you will," she said, with a shrug. "There have been very many dunces who have thought themselves as clever as I am."

"This dunce will do his best, at all events," said Savage, with a bow and a slight smile.

Here Mrs. Scarlett's partner for the dance then begun arrived upon the scene, and she went away with him.

Marvel had expressed a wish to go home at once, and Mrs. Verulam was anxious to get her away as soon as possible. She was quite herself again, but looked worn and pallid to an alarming degree.

She turned away from Wriothesley however when he would have offered her his arm to escort her to her carriage, and looked directly at Savage, who stood at a distance.

"Nigel, you will take me down?" she said distinctly, before Mrs. Verulam—who would have prevented her if she could—had divined her intention. And Nigel of course came forward.

She laid her hand on his arm and left the room.

Wriothesley would have followed; but Mrs. Verulam called to him in a voice that was very low but that, Sir George had learned, meant much.

He was indeed so sure of its meaning that he went discreetly towards the curtained entrance, and even stepped out upon the corridor outside.

"A word, Fulke," said Mrs. Verulam. "You will come home with us to-night."

"Oh, thank you!" said Wriothesley rather uncertainly, being divided between surprise at the anger in her eyes and gratitude for the hospitality she was evidently so eager to bestow. "You are very good indeed. But——"

"There is no goodness about it, and no need of thanks. The house to which I wish you to come is yours, not mine. I am staying with your wife for the few days we remain in town."

"Indeed! It makes it then the easier to refuse," said Wriothesley.

"I shall take no refusal. You must accompany me and Marvel home to-night."

"Impossible. I have my rooms engaged at Claridge's; and, besides——"

"I don't care whether you have rooms engaged in every capital in Europe. I insist upon your putting up at your own house where your wife is and where I am. What, do you think that poor child has not suffered enough at your hands that you would give the world more food for scandal? You have made her town-talk so far by your most reprehensible neglect and persistent absence; and now you will have all your horrid clubs teeming with the fact that she lives in her town-house whilst you live en garcon in your hotel. If you are a man, Wriothesley, you will at least prevent that."

"You speak very harshly," said he, with a certain coldness. "But, if you put matters in that light, I cannot of course any longer refuse to accede to your request. I shall be my wife's guest with great pleasure."

There was little pleasure however in his voice.

"I am glad you have seen the reason in what I have said," replied she, with equal coldness; and, still with her eyes alight with indignant anger, she joined Sir George outside the door.

"I say," said he, after a swift but true reading of her countenance, "don't go amongst the others looking like that; you are in a regular rage still, you know—they will notice it."

"Oh, don't bother me," said Mrs. Verulam, with more force than elegance.

She went on a step or two, and then paused and burst out laughing.

"In a rage, am I? I have always given you the credit of being the most courageous man of my acquaintance, however far short you may fall in other matters. In a rage. Well, I shouldn't be, as I have carried my point."

"I wish I could carry mine," said Sir George, "and I should be the happiest man alive."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next morning Wriothesley and his wife met at breakfast. Marvel looked a little pale and tired, but this only made the soft brilliancy of her eyes more apparent.

She greeted him with friendliness, though she hardly looked at him, and at first seemed disinclined for conversation.

She sat behind the massive urn and poured out tea as though her whole soul were concentrated on the proper proportions of the sugar and the cream, which made it a trifle hard for Mrs. Verulam, upon whom was flung the burden of the conversation.

After a while she appealed directly to Marvel, and on the instant the girl's manner changed.

She flung from her with quite an extraordinary ease the silence in which she had enveloped herself, and began to speak of the previous night's ball with fluency—a brilliancy indeed—that astonished even Mrs. Verulam.

It was to her only she addressed herself. Wriothesley sat dumb, listening, and feeling as though he should awake suddenly and find it all a mere fancy of his brain. Was this lovely, animated, self-possessed girl the pretty shy child of eighteen months ago? No wonder he had not known her.

Marvel was rattling on, with a soft laugh here and a little air of triumph there. She made no secret of what H. R. H. had said to her, which was complimentary to a very high degree.

In the middle of her lively recital she half rose from her chair.

"My programme," she said, "you will like to see that. It is the most interesting of unintelligible things; the autographs on it are positively priceless. I must bring it to you."

She ran quickly to the door and up the stairs to her own room, but not for the card.

On the contrary, when there, she seemed to have forgotten all about it, and remembered only to fall upon her knees by her bed and burst into a passion of weeping. It was all too cruel.

How was she to live this life day after day? Oh that it might end—that she could die. Alas for that fatal marriage. Her short sojourn in the world had taught her, amongst other things, the folly of hoping that it could be set aside.

She wondered whether Cicely would expect her to go back; but breakfast was over when she left the room; and Cicely was always as good, she would understand. She had left them only barely in time; in another moment the tears that were choking her would have fallen, to her eternal disgrace.

She did not appear again until late in the afternoon, pleading fatigue as her excuse.

But, when she did creep down to the smaller drawing-room, hoping to find it untenanted, she found Wriothesley as well as Cicely there.

They had evidently been in full discussion of a rather unamicable nature, but they ceased speaking as she entered. Wriothesley drew a lounging-chair to the fire for her, and looked at her with an increased regard that might have been born of the stormy discourse just interrupted.

"I hope you feel your fatigue less now?" he said solicitously.

"Very much less, thank you."

If he had been the veriest stranger on earth her tone could not have been more cold.

"A little foolish to come downstairs at all, was it not? Talking is so bad for a headache."

"I need not talk."

"No; that is true. But it is so difficult to keep silence when people are present. I shall relieve you of my presence however, as I am going."

"Are you? Where?" asked Mrs. Verulam, in defiance of all respectable rules.

"To call on Mrs. Scarlett. I promised her last night to pay her a visit to-day."

"Do you think it demands an apology?" said Mrs. Verulam, with a little peculiar laugh; and then he went away.

Marvel sat quite still. She said nothing, nor did Mrs. Verulam; she was indeed compulsorily silent, as she was doing battle with her feelings.

She was longing to break forth into a torrent of abuse against Wriothesley, Mrs. Scarlett, and the general ordering of things in this life; but she could not do this without giving Marvel pain, and that she shrank from.

At length Marvel grew restless, as though the silence was becoming unbearable, and, getting up, she began to move nervously about the room, changing a flower in a vase here and altering the position of a quaint little Wedgewood bowl on a cabinet there.

At last she went up to Cicely and said mournfully:

"He has gone to see her."

"So it appears," said Mrs. Verulam, affecting an air of indifference that she was far from feeling.

"I shall not be able to bear it," said Marvel, whose lids had grown white.

"Don't lay too much stress on the visit. See here, Marvel, I will tell you one thing, the very fact that he openly declared his intention should show you that there is little in it."

"A very little would be too much," said Marvel coldly.

Meantime Wriothesley had stepped into a hansom, and was being driven towards Mrs. Scarlett's town-house.

All the way thither memories were thronging thickly upon him, and it was with a sigh of absolute relief that he got out of the cab and went into the hall. He would get it over soon, the visit which he felt it necessary to make, if only to explain to himself and her what terms they should be on for the future.

The old love was dead, he felt unspeakably thankful for that, it now remained to see whether friendship could take its place.

He went up the thickly-carpeted staircase, noting as he went all the old landmarks.

The same statue of Venus stood in the same corner; the rose-shaded lamps that used to shed a tender glow on the passer-by stood out from the walls. There was the hush, the quiet, the air of expectancy, the warm scented breath of flowers.

He thought it just now a little oppressive. Then the door of her boudoir was flung wide, and a second later he found himself in her presence.

It was a room charming in every respect, and therefore well suited to its mistress. Crimson lace curtains shrouded the windows, so that the cold forbidding aspect of the December day was excluded, and a soft twilight reigned.

A bright fire burned upon the hearth, and a large Persian cat, snow-white, lay slumbering upon the rug. The walls were very delicately tinted in a flesh color, and over a buhl cabinet a woman of Burne Jones's looked out moodily from a plain gilt frame.

On the opposite wall was an exquisite landscape of Birket Foster's—an innocent idyllic bit of perfection, with a child or two in the foreground, and a gleam of scarlet and a subdued sunlight.

There was a perfume of scented woods—rare and strange fragrances—mingled with the sweetness of hot-house flowers, and big bunches of heliotrope and daphne that lay hidden in priceless bowls behind curtains on spindle-legged tables—their presence suggested rather than seen.

There was a five-fold screen of Japanese work at the far end of the room, with tall pots filled with palms standing in each fold; and a few prayer-rugs from India lay here and there upon the polished portion of the floor.

Mrs. Scarlett rose as he entered, and advanced a little to welcome him.

She was dressed in a gown of olive-green velvet that suited her marvellously. It threw up the delicate pallor of her skin and cast a shade into her handsome eyes. A woman would have seen fit at once that she had taken unusual pains with her toilette; but Wriothesley, being a man, only knew that she was looking exceptionally lovely. It was a knowledge however that had no power to move him.

"You have come at last," said she, with the softest, the most flattering touch of reproach. "I have waited for you until I believed you almost false—but"—with a little swift fond smile—"but not quite!"

"I am sorry if I have kept you waiting," said he, more gravely than the occasion required.

He was feeling the situation keenly, and his manner, in spite of himself, was strained.

"I intended to be earlier, but I could not manage it."

"Had to find an opportunity," thought she exultantly.

The little touch of intrigue delighted her; she felt quite elated, and her eyes gleamed as she turned them on him.

"An apology to a real friend is the unfriendliest thing I know," she said, with a charming glance. "Believe me, I forgive you without explanation. That"—with a sudden lowering of her head—"is more than you could honestly say with regard to me."

"You are wrong; that is what principally brought me here to-day—to tell you that I entirely—honestly, as you say—forgive you all the past."

Mrs. Scarlett moved a little into the shadow and bit her lip sharply. She hardly liked this generous condonation of her offence. She would have preferred the old anger, the unmeasured scorn. As a rule, when one forgives, it means that one has ceased to care.

"How good you are!" she said very softly. "Though, if you know all, there might not perhaps be so much left to pardon. But, as you don't know, it is indeed good of you. Fulke, if I dared explain——"

"I think it will be better not," said he steadily; "no good ever yet came of explanations such as that. Let the dead past bury its dead. The present may contain other things—that I have you as a friend, for instance."

"I am always your friend," said she gently, though a little glitter had come into her eyes. "Whether you are mine is the question."

"My dear Mrs. Scarlett, surely a very unnecessary one!"

She started visibly as he addressed her by her surname.

"Is it to be 'Leonie' no longer then?" she asked.

"I think"—slowly—"it will be better not."

"And you—are you to be 'Lord Wriothesley' to me in the future?"

"I think that too will be wise," replied he, in the same measured tone.

Mrs. Scarlett accepted her defeat with a courage that did her credit. Not a glance, not a movement betrayed her. Perhaps she had caught at that word "wise," and saw light through it.

"Wisdom! That cold thing!" she said, with a low laugh. "But, if it is better—safer—so be it then. Don't stand so far over there—you will be frozen. Come nearer to the fire." She herself drew her chair a little closer to where the fragrant pine-logs were blazing cheerily; but Wriothesley did not alter his position. "That ball last night was a success," she went on. "All the best people in Europe were at it, I think—to say nothing of the celebrities! By-the-bye, talking of celebrities, what a lovely woman Lady Wriothesley is! She took us all very much by surprise. How came it that you did not recognize her last night?"

"It was unpardonably stupid of me, I must allow; but she was so changed."

"I can quite believe that. Even since I first made her acquaintance she has altered to quite a remarkable degree, not only in appearance, but in manners. In what does this change of which you speak consist?"

"When I married her," said Wriothesley, in a musing tone, his eyes fixed on the glowing fire, "she was a little simple country girl."

"Ah, well, she has left all that behind her—a fact on which you may be congratulated. Little simple country maidens grow wearisome on a lengthened acquaintance. Lady Wriothesley found that out, I suppose, because she adopted the ways of the world in quite a marvellously short time. She is quick to learn. Still for a husband not to know his wife—you will pardon me if I say it was almost too strange to be true."

"It was true nevertheless. I suppose the fact that I believed her and Mrs. Verulam to be up in the North may partially account for my failing to recognise her. Another thing, I had never before seen her en grande toilette. And was not her hair done in some strange way?"

"It was done in the very height of the fashion—a new style that suits the ingenue," said Mrs. Scarlett rather bitterly. "Being the fashion herself, she is right to adopt all its modes of adding to one's popularity. Your wife is quite the rage now; Duchesses run after her, Princess vie with each other for the honor of a dance, and she can count her lovers by the score."

Wriothesley flushed a dark red. Through all the scandalous exaggeration of her words might there not be a grain of truth? He managed a laugh however.

"There is safety in a multitude," he said, with an effort at carelessness which did not escape her. Few things did.

"But there is always the one flawless jewel in the string," she said, "however poor it be."

Wriothesley made a sudden movement expressive of displeasure.

"I must beg you will not discuss Lady Wriothesley," he said a little formally.

"As you will, of course," said Mrs. Scarlett, in whom the demon was now fully roused. "But, if I were you, I should try to get accustomed to it. You will hear her very minutely discussed on all hands. Nigel Savage's infatuation for her is in the mouth of every one."

For the space of a minute Wriothesley was silent. He was occupied with a picture that had risen before him.

Once again he held his wife's inanimate body in his arms, and looked across it at a man, pale, stunned, who looked back again at him with a murderous hatred in his eyes.

Then it all faded, and he turned to Mrs. Scarlett with a touch of hauteur.

"We will leave Lady Wriothesley's name out of our conversation," he said, with determination.

Then, as though with a view to give charge to the discourse, he went on very quickly.

"Do you remain long in town?"

"A day or two only. Then we all go down to Verulam Court."

"Indeed! And whom do you mean by 'we?'"

"The usual set, with an addition here and there thrown in to prevent our wearying one of the other. I am going, and the Malnwarings, and Sir George and Mrs. Verulam—you know there is an old *affaire* there—and Mr. Savage and your wife—but of course you know that!"—with a malicious emphasis—"and the Dameronne and a few others. You are going too, I presume?"

"I have not been asked."

"But you will be, naturally."

"I do not think I shall even then."

"I should if I were you. It amounts almost to a duty. You have been so very long separated from your wife, and Lady Wriothesley is so young and so singularly thoughtless."

She had returned to the charge, even against his expressed desire, with a daring unequalled. Wriothesley frowned.

"Lady Wriothesley should be grateful for the interest you take in her," he said stiffly.

"I take none. The interest I feel is all centred in you. She is your wife, Wriothesley; and I shall always feel the keenest interest in you and your honor."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CRANKS AND FANATICS.—A Russian writer, has just published an interesting work upon curious religious sects in Russia. It appears that in the Empire there are no less than 15,000,000 of devout followers of insane and cranky notions of Christianity, and new religions or sects are constantly springing up in spite of all the efforts of the Russian authorities.

One of these sects is called the runaways. They fly from their villages or towns. They believe in returning to a wild state of existence, destroying their identity as much as possible, and living like savages. Civilization they regard as the great curse of humanity.

They also carry on a sort of brigandage, and one of their most sacred duties is to rob churches.

There is another sect calling themselves Christs. They adore one another. Crazy dancing forms part of their religious ceremonies.

Another religious body, believe in self-mutilation. They are also expert dancers and tumblers. Bloody sacrifices form part of the butchering of sons and daughters to appease the wrath of the Lord is getting rather too common.

IF a man feel a secret shame when he hears impure and unchaste discourses, if he can not forbear blushing thereat, he is not far from that resolution of spirit which makes him consistently seek after good, and have an aversion for evil.

IF YOU WERE HERE.

BY F. W. BOOSE.

If you were here, how pleasant life would be;
How sweet the twilight of the closing year;
The fire, how warm and bright, my heart how free,
If you were here!

Whate'er befall, I would not shed a tear,
So I might spend my life in ministry
On you, whom death has made so passing dear.

Do you e'er mourn the past, and think of me?
Alas! I would not need my heart to cheer
With hopes forlorn—nor from dark dreams to flee,
If you were here!

The Midnight Ride.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLLIN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

MY uncle, who was a victim to the family disease, gout, was in the habit of making a dignified visit to town four times a year, to exhibit himself to a great physician who made that affliction his speciality.

Aunt Alicia, who had an unexpressed idea that the world could not manage its daily revolutions without her assistance, generally went with him, and on this momentous twentieth of June the retinue, in addition to her maid and my uncle's man, was swelled by the majestic butler, Mr. Rowles.

This functionary had been suffering from deafness of late, and my aunt, who was very kind, in a ducal sort of way, to all her servants and dependents, decided that he, too, would be the better for London advice, and that one missile might be employed for the despatching of two featherless bipeds.

Accordingly, they set off with much state and dignity, driving into Warnchester in the family coach, which was ordered to put up at the King's Head, and await their return from town the next evening.

I must say I watched the heavy wheels lumber down the moat road without any keen regret.

There was something very pleasant in the feeling that Copford Manor-house was, for once and for however short a period, only occupied by the young, for the aged had literally left it en masse.

The elderly housekeeper was away on her annual holiday, and this exodus of Mr. Rowles, the venerable coachman, and my aunt's spinster waiting-woman left only myself and the under-servants in possession.

"Please, ma'am," Sally, the pretty housemaid, waylaid me, as I turned to re-enter the house, "cook's duty, which of us is to go to the servants' ball at Copford Grange to-night?"

"Ball!"

I pricked up my ears at the word.

"Oh, is it to-night? I don't know, I'm sure, Sally. Who generally goes?"

"Mrs. Higgs and Mr. Rowles, ma'am; they generally settles it; but missus did not say, and we thought we'd better ask you."

Now I knew that the servants' ball was the event of the year to all the country round about.

It was given by my uncle's chief tenant farmer, and the Manor-house servants were always largely represented.

I looked at Sally's eager face, and remembered that she was keeping company with the Grange under-keeper.

I thought of my own ball, just a fortnight ago, and my weak heart melted within me.

"I'll tell you what, Sally," I said, with a burst of reckless generosity, "why should you not all go? If some of you like to go for the first half, and then leave, and the rest don't mind going late, and staying for the end, I don't know why it shouldn't be managed."

"O ma'am!"

Sally's eyes flashed with such ecstasy that I could not have withdrawn my suggestion, even though I had a secret sort of sense that it had been rather a rash one.

There was no Charley to-day, and no tricycle.

He had promised to ride over to Wallinghoe, twelve miles distant, for tennis and dinner, and I mourned over the cruel fate which had bound him by an engagement before we guessed we should have had this one whole beautiful day to ourselves.

However, my relatives were not expected back till the last train to-morrow, and we meant to make the most of the golden hours—our last free and happy day before our destiny was decided.

An afternoon without my usual occupation was a flat and flavorless thing.

I hardly knew how to pass the dull hours, and when my solitary dinner was at end I wished I, too, had been going to the servants' ball, so weary was I of the loneliness and my own society.

The first instalment of domestics was to start at eight o'clock, and return at eleven; when the other detachment succeeded them at their revels for the last three or four hours.

I went to the top of the back staircase to see them go, gorgeous in purple and yellow sashes, and curious lace adornments for the neck, and displaying much magnificence in the way of hair-oil and two-buttoned white kid gloves.

Happy men and maidens to be going to a ball!

I went back to the vast drawing-room, with its Japanese screens and ivory cabinets, and played all the waltzes I could remember on the somewhat superannuated piano.

Then I took up a novel and tried to read, and wondered why no one ever wrote stories half so delightfully interesting as the one Charley and I were living through; and then I began to get absorbed in my book, even if it were an inferior one; and was lost to all outside influences for awhile.

I came back to the ordinary world with a start, as the last page was turned. Surely it was very late. I looked at my watch. Twelve o'clock.

I hastily rang the bell, ashamed of having forgotten to give orders that the house should be locked up, and one servant told off to admit the rest on their return in the morning.

To my surprise, it was answered by the very juvenile page-boy, looking woefully sleepy.

"Prentice!" I exclaimed reprovingly, "you ought to have been in bed hours ago. Send Sally to me, and then go at once."

"Please, ma'am, they said as I was to sit up and let the others in, but I don't believe they'se ever a-comin'."

"Let whom in—what—what do you mean?"

"Why, please, Mrs. Jenkins and the first lot didn't come back at all, and so the second lot got so wild waitin', they said they'd just go off to the Grange at once, and send 'em home, and I was to sit up and let 'em in; but that's an hour ago, and there ain't a sign of a soul, and I don't believe they're comin' till two o'clock."

"Oh, this is disgraceful," I cried, flinging down the book that had been so absorbing. "To leave the house alone with only you in it! I never heard of such a thing."

"Yes, ma'am;" Prentice's eye gleamed vindictively; "they said I was too young to go to balls, but they don't seem to think I'm too young to keep out of my bed till daybreak!"

"There, that will do."

I cut short the story of his wrongs ruthlessly.

"Just go to the front porch and listen whether you hear anything of them," and Prentice vanished.

I really felt very indignant at this abuse of my generosity.

Of course it was out of the question for me to go to bed, and leave the house to Prentice's infant guardianship, and the prospect of sitting up till two or three o'clock in the morning to convenience these domestic revellers was hardly alluring.

Besides, I was really angry at the way they had behaved, and though quite willing to make any excuse for the temptation to linger among ball-room joys, I began to have a dark suspicion that it was all a concerted thing, and their fair promises had never been meant to be fulfilled. Back came Prentice.

"Please, there ain't a single sound. Shan't I just run across the bowling-green, and see if I can't make 'em out coming along the field-path?"

And I somewhat crossly assented.

Prentice went, and did not return. In fact, he was away so long that I decided he must be enjoying the beauties of the night to an uncalled-for extent, and went to the front door to call him in.

The whole ground in front was flooded with a blaze of silver moonlight, so exquisite in its soft brilliancy that I felt Prentice's lingering had been pardonable.

Every quivering leaf on the sapens across the lawn was silver above and ebony below; every blade of the short grass seemed glistening with a half-unearthly glory; and the blackness of the shadows beneath the pine-trees only served to throw up more sharply the mellow radiance that bathed lawn and terrace and open parterre with a calm sea of infinite loveliness.

My call to Prentice seemed to shiver the silence as a stone breaks the smooth surface of a pool.

Once, twice, I called—there was not a ghost of an answer. A sudden swift suspicion came upon me with the force of a conviction.

I shut the door hurriedly, and ran up to the moonlit corridor above, from whose window I could see all across the meadow-path for half a mile or more.

A small black speck was just visible against the illuminated ground, swiftly flitting towards Copford, and nearly already at the stile.

Temptation had proved too powerful for Prentice, and he had salved his conscience by the plausible pretence of going to summon the renegades.

I knew pretty well what would become of that summons when once the fatal fascination of the ballroom, or, still worse, the supper, had settled upon Prentice's young soul.

Probably I should be left in sole possession of Copford Manor-house till sunrise next morning.

I was not sensible of feeling the faintest sensation of fear; I was far too much vexed.

Indeed, I imagined I might spend my nights alone there for a month without fear of human visitants—and I did not believe in supernatural ones.

It was not that that annoyed me, but the feeling that I had been the victim of a conspiracy, and that the servants had been so over-confident of my good-nature and probable reluctance to betray them to my aunt.

I was determined they should not slip in quietly on their return without my speaking my mind, so I majestically descended to the back door, which I found on the latch, and with great minuteness I bolted and barred its every fastening.

There was also a tiny postern door which opened from the back kitchen into the thick shrubbery which now filled what had once been a fishpond in the early days of the Manor-house's monastic life. The back kitchen was then the monks' refectory, and there was a popular tradition that the lay brethren used to sit at ease in this door-way to catch the Friday dinner.

The great open fireplace was so close at hand that an agile turn of the wrist might transfer the fish from the pond to the frying-pan itself.

The shrubbery grew so thick now, where the fishes once dwelt, that no door was visible from outside, but I thought the culprits might try to return that way; so I locked it safely, too.

Of course I could not go to bed, only to rise up at their return; so I strayed about in a desultory sort of way, passing in my ramblings the strong room, on the ground floor—where all the plate and jewels lived in safes that were neither fire nor burglar proof, but which were kept in a chamber that was both, with the additional protection of the under-footman's iron bedstead drawn across the entrance.

I noticed, with a grim resentment, that no one had considered it needful to close the great iron door, with its secret look, before they left the jewels and the plate to guard themselves.

I came by-and-by to the housekeeper's room, and sat down in Mrs. Higgs's own special arm-chair, feeling very much out of my usual unruffled frame of mind.

A copy of the local paper lay un-opened on the table, and to while away the time I took it up, and ran my eye carelessly over the columns.

There was the usual glowing account of the last garrison cricket match; various chronicles of small beer in the neighborhood.

All at once I was attracted by a paragraph of a more exciting character, and the next minute I was reading, with a breathless interest, something very different from the ordinary rural intelligence.

"It is with great regret," ran the article, "that we have to record another most daring burglary—the third that has taken place in this immediate neighborhood within the last ten days. Heron Court, Sir Herbert Ashton's family mansion, has been the scene of this latest outrage. It was entered last night, somewhere between twelve and one o'clock, and a large amount of most valuable property removed, no trace whatever of the depredators being left, with the exception of several marks of skilful operation upon the fastening of the back door, which was found open early in the morning by one of the housemaids. An alarm was instantly raised, and a search revealed the absence of a conside able amount of family plate, besides several sets of jewels of great value. No clue whatever can be obtained to the culprits; but there is little doubt that this outrage is the work of the same ruffians who have been engaged in the previous robberies, and who are reported to be members of a housebreaking gang, well known to the London police, which has suddenly disappeared from town during the last fortnight! The whole countryside rings with the wildest stories of these desperadoes, who are credited with superhuman audacity and cunning. They are believed to melt by day, under remote bridge arches, the plate they acquire by night; they are reported to be armed to the teeth, and to be prepared to murder in cold blood anyone whose resistance might imperil their escape. They are possessed of a marvellous knowledge of the habits and property of every household they have defrauded—a knowledge said to be acquired by them in the character of pedlars during the day time. But what renders them preeminently a terror and a dread to the whole neighborhood is the mystery that surrounds their movements. No sound attends their advent at the scene of their misdeeds, yet that they have some means of conveyance seems certain, from the suddenness of their arrival and departure. A general panic pervades the whole country, and no one can feel certain that they will not be the next sufferers."

I dropped the paper with an uneasy sensation which I strove in vain to banish.

Had there not been a strange pedlar at the back door only yesterday afternoon, and had not cook sharply scolded little Sally because she would linger over his wares, and laugh and chatter?

Nonsense: I was actually getting nervous; no doubt it was only a newspaper story colored by the rural imagination. At all events I would warn Rowles to keep a rather stricter eye on bolts and bars for the next few nights.

The clock struck.

Half-past twelve, and not a servant yet returned, it was outrageous! With a warmth that banished all other feelings I rose, and made my way once more to the corridor window to see if there were but the faintest sign of their coming along the moon-lighted meadow path.

Not one. Not a sound was heard, but the soft splash of the water over the weir; not a living creature stirred or spoke or was visible in the hush of the summer midnight.

Suddenly, as I still gazed out, a swift shadow flitted across the open space between the second bridge and the third. Another, another, and still another.

What could it possibly be? The servants could not by any human means return that way from the Grange—besides, there was not the ghost of a sound.

I waited breathless, and the next second saw the same noiseless shadows pass the moonlit patch, and disappear below the short hill.

Five I counted—then vacancy once more. With a sudden rush I comprehended the truth—they were tricyclists mounted on their machines.

Who on earth could they be? I had one wild thought of Charley, and even as I thought the five silent shadows rose above the level of the hill, and passed like wraiths under the very spot where I stood. The moonlight struck full for a single instant on each as it passed.

There were five men, each riding a noiseless tricycle, and each man's features were hidden from my straining view by a band of inky crape.

Silently, one by one, each shadow flitted into the blackness of the pine-trees' shade; there was an instant's pause, then five dusky forms slipped from that deep darkness to the lighter shade of the garden wall.

I don't think I'm a coward—I hope not—but for one single moment my knees seemed to give way under me, and the moonlit scene to fade before my eyes; and I caught at the wall where I was standing to steady myself from falling, as those five terrible figures stole round the corner of the walled garden and vanished in the pathway that led to the rear of the house where I, defenceless and alone, was left, deserted by every human soul, to cope with a power desperate, appalling, and utterly irresistible.

CHAPTER IV.

I SAID for a single moment my knees gave way under me. I'm glad it was only a moment.

In the next second the spirit of Black Gervase rose up within me like the battle-horse at the sound of the bugle.

All the blood that had forsaken my cheeks and lips came back with a rush that made them tingle, and I threw up my head and clenched my hands, as I resolved between my set teeth that, weak girl as I was, these midnight thieves and murderers should find that I was not prepared to die without a struggle.

Resistance was of course utterly futile. Common sense told me that only a complete knowledge of the domestic politics of Copford Manor-house had guided the selection of this particular night and hour, which had been considered with a fineness of discrimination which reflected a good deal of credit on the robber-band, if only I had been cool enough to do them justice.

The ringing of bells, therefore, raising a would-be alarm, and all the other innocent expedients to frighten the burglar from his prey would in this case be just so much worse than useless, that they could by no human possibility be heard by anyone but the invaders, who were as well aware, probably, of that fact as I was myself, and would only vent upon me, when they found me, the natural resentment reasonably excited by my interference with existing affairs.

Nothing was left, therefore, but the less dignified weapon of flight.

Not that I for a moment contemplated leaving the marauders to the peaceful enjoyment of my ancestral plate and jewels. Nothing was further from my thoughts than any such hospitality.

But I did most earnestly desire to rush off for outside help and capture them red-handed, and even as the vindictive desire flashed into my mind I had formed my plans.

In an instant my shoes were off my feet and in my hand, and I was creeping, noiseless as a mouse, down the dim and eerie corridor.

Before I had gone three steps I glided back again as swiftly.

I had remembered the strong-room, and its door left open with a pathetic confidence, and I meant to leave no lightening of my visitors' toils within their grasp that night.

Down the back staircase was the way to the strong-room.

O Elizabethan architect! what demon possessed you to locate that chamber of peril so close to the door which is proverbially a burglar's favorite?

O black oak stairs! trod by how many a betrilled footman and fantastic page of bygone years, if one creak of your ancient boards betray me now, it were good for the last descendant of the house of Blessington if the oaks that formed you had never grown within the precints of Copford Park.

Bless thee, builder of bygone age! If the back stairs of Copford Manor-house had been put in by the contractor who rears the modern villa of the nineteenth century I should not now be writing, with infinite calmness and propriety, this true history of that eventful midnight of the twentieth of June.

Yet I own there was one moment when my heart seemed to thrill within me, and it needed every drop of Black Gervase's blood within my veins to keep me from quailing when I had to pass the back door, with its heavy hinges and iron nails, and caught the flash of light from the keen point of a sharp cruel blade of steel that was silently and stealthily sawing its leisurely way through the black panel just above the lock whose key I had turned

with such judicial solemnity some half an hour or so before.

I had hardly dared to think my slender strength could move that massive strong-room door.

It looked a task for two stout men, but I was half-intoxicated with excitement, and I meant to try.

One effort, into which I threw the concentrated energy of force which surprised even myself, and the iron door swung on its hinges, and snapped to with an almost inaudible click, which told me it was prepared to resist a whole armory of crowbars and jimmies.

I think at that moment I hardly cared whether my life paid the forfeit of my daring act, I was so triumphant at having outwitted those clever robbers.

It was to the little postern door in the back kitchen that I instinctively made my way.

It was while I was undoing the fastening of that arched portal that I was surprised to find my fingers trembling as they closed upon the bolts.

I think I must have been very ferocious with myself for that discovery, for they did not show any signs of weakness again till a good deal later on on that eventful night.

Out into the shrubbery, where the thick branches scratched my face, and I had to gather my skirts about me lest the leaves should rustle and betray me in the stillness of that summer night.

Now in the open, before the house, keeping on the turf border to avoid the gravel path, and I paused for a moment to consider what was the next thing I must do.

The field-path stretched before me, shelterless and open, all across the bright meadow.

Not a window on this side of the house but could command it for a quarter of a mile away—no chance of a flying figure there being undetected and unpursued.

Down at the stables, under the shadow of the hill, a groom or a stable-boy might have been left at home from the revels at Copford Grange.

I must creep past the garden, and down by the glen, and see.

As I moved forward, under the thick black shadow, I fell over some alien body in my path, and found I was amongst the five tricycles whose ghostly advent I had witnessed with such horror and dismay.

The one which had nearly proved more fatal than its rider to me was a Salvo, very like in make and size to the dear and fondly loved machine which had played so kindly a part as go-between in Charley's and my love story.

As I righted myself from the shock of my collision with it, a thought seized me with the suddenness which seemed to characterize all my processes of mind tonight.

With one movement I was in the saddle, then I paused and got down. With fingers that were as steady as iron now I felt for the tool-bag, and found a screw-hammer.

O Charley, Charley! when you showed me, in those happy sunset hours below the weir, how simply you kept your tricycle from risk of thieves, how little did you dream of the practical use to which I should one day—or rather one night, to speak correctly—put the knowledge so acquired! The other tricycles were of a build to which I was not accustomed, but I found their steering arrangements had a certain family likeness, and it could have not taken me a minute to unscrew all four of the handles and remove them from their upright bars.

I held them in one hand while once more I mounted the Salvo, which must have been ridden by an undersized malefactor, as the saddle was not above my height.

One turn, and I was gliding bridgewards over the sloping ground. The machine ran like an animate thing, without a noise, or shake, or jar.

Even at that supreme moment I could not help envying the burglar who owned that Salvo, and thinking there must be alleviations in the lot of even a professional housebreaker.

I was not frightened—no, I was not! I'll maintain it with my last breath; but perhaps it was as well that that machine was easy to drive, and that the road sloped downwards so steeply that after a turn or two there was no further need of toil.

At the third bridge, just where the river foams over the little barrier into its rocky bed, I checked my course, and flung the handles I still carried into the water below.

The splash of their fall was not even heard above the rush of the little torrent, and I rode on the faster for that momentary pause.

On, on, under the dusky shadows that made the road mysterious in their gloom, and almost swallowed the golden moonlight, when it found a crevice through which to slide.

On, on, between the high banks, tangled with honeysuckle and dog-roses, where Charley and I had so often sauntered, in a sort of ecstatic dream.

On, on, with panting breath and trembling limb, unused to the violent effort and the frantic haste.

On, on, till the last long corner is turned, and the Warnchester Road stretches white before me, and there is at least the chance of human presence and aid.

The short sharp ring of a tricycle bell, and my heart leaps with a sudden shock.

The next minute there is a flash of light, the rush of a machine, not muffled, and stealthy like my own, and—can I believe my eyes or credit the too joyful truth?—Charley—my own young lover—Charley, brave and bright and debonair, in flannels and cap, tennis-racquet under his arm, looms tall and erect through the moonlight, not a dozen yards away!

I don't know what I said or how I hailed him.

I can see at this minute the look of utter incredulous astonishment his face wore as he sprang from his saddle and rushed to my side.

We didn't meet in the least like lovers; even Aunt Alicia might have been satisfied at the majestic propriety of our greeting, which was conducted with some lack of breath on my part and an utter blank bewilderment on his.

It didn't take many words. I rushed over my story with such excited rapidity that I wonder now how Charley understood a word of it; but then he is such a clever fellow.

I saw his face change in the moonlight from surprise to consternation, then to that look of delighted anticipation a man always experiences at the prospect of any sort of that enjoyment they call a row, and then, before he could even speak a word in answer to my rapid "And, now, what must we do?" there came through the silent warm air the sudden subdued noise that is like no other noise on earth, the sound of many horses' hoofs falling in confused beat upon the dusty ground.

"By Jove!" said Charley, throwing up his head (a man generally invokes the heathen deities at a supreme moment, I have noticed). "Here's luck! It's the troop of hussars that went over to Wallinghoe to put out Fotheringham's hayricks. We saw them pass while we were at dinner, and Blount's with them. Come on, darling," which was his first intimation that he had not taken me for Sally the housemaid, or Prentice the page, and which gratified me accordingly.

I hovered in the shadow, however, while Charley ran forward to the cross-roads to intercept the hussars, with Captain Blount at their head.

A few hasty words of explanation, and the troop wheeled round, and hastily fell into marching order for Copford Lane. How Charley accounted for my presence on a burglar's tricycle I never inquired.

Captain Blount saluted courteously as he passed the patch of inky shadow where I was in ambush, and then Charley hurriedly joined me, and we rode together in the cloud of dust that floated at the heels of the last line of horses.

I am afraid we were in danger of collision more than once, Charley and I. He would ride so very close, and try to hold my hand in his—a most difficult and uncomfortable thing when one's wheels are high and one has to cling to the handles. However, we did not go very fast.

Captain Blount was so anxious for the honor and glory of capturing the thieves that he took every precaution against alarming them by our approach, and the men were made to walk their horses on the turf as soon as we drew near enough to the Manor-house to be audible.

But robbers such as those were not to be caught napping.

Scarcely had the men been dismounted by the little weir, and a party told off to creep up by the foot-path and surround the back of the house, when Charley's quick eye discovered a dusky shadow gliding round the corner of the kitchen-garden wall, and with one bound he was over the bridge, and up the hill, followed by Captain Blount and a bevy of spurred hussars.

There was a silent rush of four more shadows before they could reach the spot, and they might have been too late after all if the tricycles had remained intact. As it was, they rushed into the moonlight in the wildest confusion, running from side to side like inebriated monsters, and when the riders threw themselves to the ground the next minute, and made for the shrubberies and the meadows, they had lost too much time to recover it.

There were one or two shots fired, a clamor of shouts and some awful language from the burglars.

Nothing that had happened in all that terrible night was as bad as the ten minutes or so during which Charley was up there somewhere, out of sight, amid the struggle, and I was left alone in the middle of the second bridge, sitting on the saddle of the burglar's tricycle, and pressing my hands over my ears to shut out the ghastly sounds, and then taking them away lest I should miss hearing Charley's voice, in what might be his last moment.

He was dreadfully shocked when he came running back to find me quite stiff and cold with terror, and then it was that my fingers began to tremble beyond all control of my sternest will, and Charley had to hold them tight between his own till they had grown sensible again.

Well, well! it is all over, the horror of that twentieth of June.

The whole band was captured—Charley overpowered and took the captain (whose tricycle I had so coolly borrowed) with his own hand.

I don't know what became of them, but I'm afraid it was hard labor for life, poor things.

I know I was greatly rejoiced to find the strong-room door had resisted all their efforts, and they were still engaged upon it when the tramp of horses had warned them of our approach.

Aunt and uncle came back to find the Manor-house in occupation of a party of the hussars, whom Captain Blount insisted on leaving in possession to guard the place till their return.

The servants, I heard from Rowles, were all to go at a day's notice, and though I tried to be forgiving, I could not help feeling that they deserved their doom.

It was with every expectation of sharing it that I interviewed Aunt Alicia the next morning, in company with Charley, in order to acquaint her with our mutual guilt.

If I had been a little older, and had learnt to be surprised at nothing but the expected I should have been more prepared for what really took place—for Aunt Alicia, pressing me to her stony bosom, and calling me a worthy descent of the race, and her beloved niece and benefactor; for her gracious reception of Charley, and the remark that, though it was usual to apply to guardians before venturing to woo a daughter of the house of Blessington, still she could not rebuke even impetuosity in one who had shown himself so noble and so brave.

I thought my mind must have given way under the strain of all that had happened, and when I had once mastered the fact that Aunt Alicia was receiving Charley as her nephew, I don't think I had any capacity left for more than a mild shock of wonder when, a week after my engagement was announced, my uncle and aunt formally declared me their heiress, and presented me with the family diamonds in the strong-room.

One stipulation alone did my Aunt Alicia make—Charley must take the name of Blessington.

He was not even allowed to retain the Smith, and he yielded so nicely that Aunt Alicia was actually touched, and did not insist on his leaving the army.

But part of every leave we are to spend at Copford Manor-house, and so reconciled has Aunt Alicia become to all the most abhorred in the past that I shouldn't at all wonder if a sociable were some day to find standing-room in Black Gervase's old gray stables, where reposes, in solemn state and idleness, the burglar's tricycle on which I took my midnight ride on that ever-memorable twentieth of June.

[THE END.]

PLANTS AND INSECTS.—In Nicaragua is a green leaf-like insect, probably a sort of locust which overrun by foraging ants, in search of meat for dinner, remains perfectly motionless all the time, being evidently mistaken by the hungry foragers for a real piece of the foliage it mimicked. So thoroughly does this innocent locust understand the necessity of remaining still, and pretending to be a leaf under all advances, that even when taken up in the hand it never budges an inch, but strenuously preserves its rigid, leaf-like attitude. In point of fact, as other insects "sham dead," this ingenious creature shams vegetable.

In India, there is one hypocritical insect called a mantis. It deceives the flies who come to its green arms with the false pretence of being a quiet leaf, upon which they might alight in safety for rest and refreshment.

And yet another abandoned member of the same family, relying boldly upon the resources of tropical nature, gets itself up as a perfect orchid, the head and wings being moulded into the exact resemblance of the beautiful blossom, and the arms ready to fold treacherously round the hapless insect which ventures to seek for honey in its deceptive jaws.

Happily, however, the tyrants and murderers do not always have things their own way. Sometimes the inoffensive prey turns the table upon its torturers with distinguished success. For example, one naturalist noticed a kind of sand-wasp in Borneo much given to devouring crickets; but there was, by a singularly just and natural retribution, one species of cricket which exactly reproduced the features of the sand-wasps, and mixed among them on equal terms without fear of detection.

A PARIS NEWSPAPER.—The office of the Paris *Figaro* is a model of luxury. The reception-room is soft-carpeted and elegantly furnished, and on the walls hang elegant oil paintings. There are no reporters dodging in and out, and the managing editor takes things easily. The editorial writers, eight or ten in number, divide up the days of the week, and each man contributes his two-column editorial when he is on duty, and he reads his own proof and signs the article, so that he alone is held responsible. He, too, is easy over the matter, for he writes about what he pleases, without regard to the news of the day. There are no reporters. A few special men look after society affairs and the reports of the legislative bodies. The police report accidents and murders, and there is no other city news, except a few items, which general reporters sell to all the newspapers in the city by the line. The police are depended upon for all criminal reports, but unless they wish to give these to the public, they keep them back. They allow no examination of their reports, and only permit what is to their interest. The reporter is given no opportunity to make investigations, for the police guard all sources of information.

ONE day Arline and Katie were discussing a story which the latter had read a long time ago. Katie said that she did not believe it was true, whereupon the little 7-year-old indignantly cried: "Katie, your believer is out of order, your remembrer needs to be altered, and your forgetter needs to be made smaller."

Scientific and Useful.

WHEEL-FASTENERS.—An Englishman has an invention for preventing horses from running away while temporarily left alone. By the pressure of a rod in the bottom of the vehicle a bolt is intercepted between the bolts of each wheel, so that, if the horse should attempt to move, he would at once find the wheels fastened.

HICCOUGHS.—A simple remedy for hiccoughs is given by a New York paper. The sufferer should close his external auditory canals with his fingers, exerting a certain degree of pressure; at the same time he is to drink a few sips of any liquid whatever, the glass or cup being held to his lips by another person. The effect is said to be immediate.

AT SEA.—Telephonic communication can be carried on between ships at sea by means of a sound-producing apparatus attached to each vessel, to be worked under the surface of the water. Each vessel has also a sound-receiving apparatus to take signals. Intelligible signals could be produced by this apparatus which would be transmitted through the water in all directions with considerable velocity.

THE "PROPELLUM."—This is the name of a new invention to assist the efforts of walking, and is applicable to sticks, umbrellas, crutches, stumps, etc. By this recently invented contrivance a propellant motive power, varying from about five to ten or twelve pounds, is obtained to relieve muscular exertion each time the stick or umbrella touches the ground. The contrivance is applicable to leg stumps, and is an improvement on the present spring arrangement in crutches.

MOTORS.—There are at present no less than 10,000 electric motors in use throughout the United States. The uses to which these are put are extremely varied; they embrace the running of sewing machines, printing presses, ventilating fans, and bicycles, operating dental instruments, driving street-cars, coal and ore haulage in mines, pumping water, washing bottles; and in machine shops, shoe factories, book binderies, knitting works, etc., for miscellaneous uses they are becoming quite common.

BARRELS.—One of the recent inventions that is well spoken of is the making of barrels of hard and soft wood, each alternate stave being of the soft variety, and slightly thicker than the hard wood staves. The edges of the staves are cut square, and when placed together to form the barrel the outsides are even and there is a V-shaped crack between each stave from top to bottom. In this arrangement the operation of driving the hoops forces the edges of the hard staves into the soft ones until the cracks are closed, and the extra thickness of the latter causes the inner edges to lap over those of the hard wood staves, thus making the joint doubly secure.

Farm and Garden.

PERCHES.—Perches should be at least two inches wide, and rest firmly in a slot or mortise. Fowls will climb to one edge of a wide perch, and the width will give opportunity to rest the weight on the shanks.

THE BULL.—There is no necessity for pampering a bull and allowing it to become vicious. It can be made to work, if desired, in providing power for grain-mills, fodder-cutters, etc. It is done in Europe, and is practicable here.

BAD ODORS.—Odors in the stable indicate that the air is impure. The use of absorbents, with due regard to keeping the stalls clean, is very important in summer. Once a week the stable should be sprinkled with a solution made of one pound of copperas in two gallons of soft water.

PURE AIR.—Take half a dram of nitrate of lead, dissolve two drams of common salt in a pint of water, pour the solutions together, and allow the sediment to subside. The clear fluid which may then be poured off will be a saturated solution of chloride of zinc. A cloth dipped in this solution and hung up in the loft of the fowl-house will sweeten the atmosphere instantly.

HENS.—It may not be known that the hens will thrive much better without the presence of cocks than with them, and as soon as the chicks are hatched, and no more desired, remove all the cocks. One advantage in so doing is that the eggs from hens not with cocks will keep three times as long as will those suitable for hatching, which is very important as the season becomes warmer.

SALT.—An old Kentucky breeder of swine places salt first in importance as a preventive of cholera, and believes that salt, of all substances, is the best promoter of digestion as well as an antidote against worms. This breeder has adopted the plan of salting all his animals in water-tight troughs, keeping a supply of salt continually. He also feeds some charcoal with the salt to swine that are closely penned, and gives ashes occasionally under all conditions.

PASTURE.—For a permanent pasture use a variety of grasses. The kind best adapted to the location will assert its superiority, and in time give a good reward. It is not advisable to turn stock on a permanent pasture until the ground shall have been well-covered. Trampling injures the grass and grazing it too soon injures its vitality. At least three years should be allowed for growth before turning on stock. The greater the variety of grasses the thicker the growth and the better the pasture.

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Notice.

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The Spirit of Independence.

Of all the qualities we possess, the most useful, fascinating, and possibly the most liable to abuse, is independence. Combined with knowledge, tact and address, it is a pleasant character, for these soften and keep in the background certain typical sharp points, which, if predominant, are apt to make a self-reliant person intolerant, unsympathetic and dictatorial.

By nature we are dependant, and are glad to share with one another the burdens of daily life, which alone and unassisted we would find intolerably heavy, and responsibilities which, if not divided, it would be impossible to face.

A great deal, therefore, rests on those who have the early training of a child, that no blunder is made, but that the slight germs of independence—present in every individual—are fostered by judicious care, not destroyed by contradiction and love of authority.

To encourage shyness or timidity, and call it interesting; to kill free will by incessant opposition or an insistance of strict observance of petty rules and harsh regulations; to inculcate caution instead of exacting frankness; condemning observation as immodest, and the gratification of curiosity natural to the dawning of intelligence as dangerous and wrong, are all so many hindrances to the eventual development of independence of character, and an infallible method of creating a narrow-minded, unambitious, commonplace man or woman.

Independence borrows from pride only the most useful and elevating elements, rejecting the pernicious and undesirable; the one scorns aid where the other demands it; is generous, giving where the other withholds, and modest rather than vainglorious.

If, for instance, pride includes self-respect, reticence and courtesy, then it may be called independence; but taken in its other sense of arrogance, egotism and haughtiness, independence is lost; for we can then argue that self-help is derogatory to dignity, and an assumption of superiority over others necessitates the acceptance of their services. Thus we may be too proud to accept help, and yet, from the same cause, both demand it as a right and even exact it as a duty.

To blow a trumpet of defiance before us; to condemn observances to conventionalities that are irksome to us, and to scoff at etiquette to which we fail to conform, does not constitute independence; it is only its shadow, and proves nothing but an uncertain footing on society's ladder.

Real independence is more modest, and bears a truer ring of sincerity and truth.

It is hardly possible to be quite independent without giving offence and exciting undesirable remarks or hard judgments. The world objects to be slighted and set at defiance, and those rash souls who, from a love of notoriety, or a wish to be thought eccentric, ignore accepted laws by an unconventional mode of living, by holding odd opinions, boldly expressed, in and out of season, and disregard the dictates of society, have a heavy forfeit to pay for the indulgence of their taste.

Admiration for such as allow themselves a latitude from which the more prudent shrink, is generally modified by doubts of the wisdom of so bold an assertion of freedom; and umbrage is certain to be taken at the assumed carelessness of the world's opinion by the timid ones who are still in bondage to it.

But, without giving offense or incurring censure, we may exercise sufficient independence; and a reputation for it not only inspires respect, but carries with it a wholesome influence, and effectually holds at arm's length impertinent interference and prying curiosity.

To be too independent with those we love is a mistake to be carefully avoided, for excessive independence is a barrier that checks sympathy as effectually as a rugged boulder stops the flow of a limpid stream. To yield a little, taking and giving trifling services, not only affords mutual pleasure, but serves to draw closer the silken threads of love, the tension of which—even with our most intimate ones—are apt sometimes to slacken, needing careful watching lest they snap entirely.

"Oh! thrice happy, more than thrice happy, those whom an indissoluble connection binds together; and whose love, undivided by impious complainings, does not separate them sooner than the last day!" So exclaims Horace.

But how is it with those married couples who make the fatal mistake of acting independently of each other? The two lives, tossed to and fro on the waves of the world's temptations and pleasures, unconsciously drift apart like two boats on the wide ocean, each recklessly steering for a desired haven, but for want of the compass of reciprocity and trusting alliance they come to grief.

There is a foolish kind of independence that refuses help, even when the need for it is not denied, and this may be carried to excess, for systematically to decline generous aid and gracious sympathy is equally demoralizing as constantly to seek and accept them. Following on such lines, it is not improbable that the day may come when, needing both, we will obtain neither.

Again, we sometimes will not take a favor from those who are both willing and in a position to offer it, from a mistaken idea that we can never make an adequate return. But, if we keep our eyes open, opportunities are there to do a kindness, however slight, the spirit of which will be appreciated by those to whom we are under an obligation, even if the return is not in proportion to our debt.

Timely aid, judiciously offered and wisely accepted, saves much bodily suffering and mental worry, and care should therefore be taken how it is ever refused, merely from a mistaken idea of being independent.

Nor should it be lost sight of that it is the prerogative of the wealthy or more fortunate of any class, no less than their pleasure, to lessen the hardships of those who have to make their own way in the world, and especially when it is evident failure is not due to their own fault, but to a combination of adverse circumstances or unforeseen events over which they have no control, but, with brave hearts, must set to work to overcome before success is theirs.

So admirably hath God disposed of the ways of men, that even the sight of vice in others is like a warning arrow shot for us to take heed. We should correct our own faults by seeing how uncomely they appear in others. Who will not abhor a choleric passion and a saucy pride in himself, that sees how ridiculous and contemptible they render those who are infested with them?

We are very apt to be full of ourselves, instead of Him that made what we so much value, and but for whom we can have no reason to value ourselves. For we have nothing that we can call our own, no, not ourselves; for we are all but tenants, and at will too, of the great Lord of ourselves, and the rest of this great farm, the world that we live upon.

Any base heart can devise means of vileness, and affix the ugly shapings of its own fancy to the actions of those around him; but it requires loftiness of mind, and the heaven-born spirit of virtue, to imagine greatness where it is not, and to deck the sordid objects of nature in the beautiful robes of loveliness and light.

Sympathy is the first great lesson which man should learn. It will be ill for him if he proceeds no farther—if his emotions are but excited to roll back on his heart and to be tostered in luxurious quiet. But unless he learns to feel for things in which he has no personal interest, he can achieve nothing generous or noble.

When will talkers refrain from evil speaking? When listeners refrain from evil hearing. At present there are many so credulous of evil, they will receive suspicions and impressions against persons whom they don't know, from a person whom they do know—an authority good for nothing.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

There is an army of memorable sufferers who suffer inwardly and not outwardly. The world's battle-fields have been in the heart chiefly. More heroism has been displayed in the household and in the closet than on the most memorable military battle-fields of history.

The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness does not ask to dine nicely and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. It does not need plenty, and can very well abide its loss.

The habit of exaggeration, like dram drinking, becomes a slavish necessity, and they who practice it pass their lives in a kind of mental telescope, through whose magnifying medium they look upon themselves and everything around them.

Despondency is not a state of humility; on the contrary, it is the vexation and despair of a cowardly pride. Nothing is worse. Whether we stumble or whether we fall, we must only think of rising again and going on in our course.

Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travelers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

A lie always needs a truth for a handle to it, else the hand would cut itself which sought to drive it home upon another. The worst lies, therefore, are those whose blade is false, but whose handle is true.

With every exertion, the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.

The great secret to acquire true knowledge is to cultivate and polish the reason, and to get a knowledge of things, rather than words, by unceasing perseverance.

If a man, although full of self love, endeavor to perform good actions, behold him already very near that universal love which urges him to do good to all.

An ostentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an absurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear person.

Let those who would affect singularity with success first determine to be very virtuous; and they will be sure to be very singular.

When the will is ready the feet are light.

The World's Happenings.

There are 16,000 flour mills in the United States.

No bird destroys so many grasshoppers as the crow.

Three sets of twins attend a Vienna, Georgia, school.

All the police stations in New York are to be painted white.

An international conference of Quaker women is spoken of.

There are 292,160 persons in New York city who do not speak English.

The highest recorded price for a Stradivarius violin is said to be $9000.

One of the most unique firm names in New York is that of "Dolby and Seven Sons."

An Alderman in Madison, Wis., has given 3000 children of that city free sleigh-rides this winter.

A Western judge has decided that people may fry onions, even if it is disagreeable to the neighbors.

A recent order prohibits more than five Brooklyn policemen in uniform to ride on a street car at one time.

At Deadwood, Dak., recently, an admirer of a happy couple presented to them six months' house rent.

The smallest people of the world are the Akkas of Central Africa. The average height for both sexes is 4 feet 5½ inches.

Daring thieves have robbed the small-pox hospital in the outskirts of Yonkers, even carrying off some of the bedclothing.

Mrs. Annie Schnitzer, wife of a Newark musician, gave birth to triplets—all girls. Each child weighed between four and five pounds.

Thomas McCarthy, of Jersey City, ran a splinter into his hand recently, and shortly after was seized with lockjaw and died in great agony.

John Hastings, age 8, had his leg cut off at Roselle, N. J., recently, by an engine. His marble rolled under the locomotive and he ran to get it.

A Chinaman named Ah Lin has been placed on the pension list. He served as a "landsman" in the navy at San Francisco during the rebellion.

An Albany youngster, who had been sent to the neighboring grocery with a five-dollar note to pay a bill, innocently dropped the V into a letter box.

At fashionable London dinners this season it is considered the "correct thing" to provide game, fruit, etc., which have been brought from continental countries.

W. D. Porter, of Jefferson, Wis., has discovered a two-story meadow lark's nest with a brood in each flat, and wants to know if any one else ever saw anything like it.

The new Duke of Rutland, Lord John Manners, inherits 70,000 acres of land, five mansions and about half a million dollars annual income from his brother, the bachelor duke.

An eccentric individual who died recently in Barren county, Ky., had not seen his father or brother for 20 years, although living within 3 miles of them and being on good terms with them, and he wasn't blind, either.

A federation of clubs and societies in Paris has been formed with the object of cheapening medical attendance. Adult members of the association pay 40 cents a year for medical attendance, and children 20 cents.

A man in Milton, Ga., who owns a mule that won't go, even when beaten with a club, keeps a bag of cottonseed and a bag of sand in his wagon. He discovered that a handful of either thrown at the mule made the animal go.

A farmer near Schenectady, N. Y., is reported as saying that the members of the New York Legislature on the train stalled there last week played poker for 36 hours without sleep. One of them, he states, gave him $30 for a bottle of whisky.

The names for money in the language of the Ogallalla Sioux are interesting. Gold is maseska-si, literally, "yellow white iron;" silver is maseska-ska, or "white iron," and greenbacks are minne-hanpi-maseska, or "paper that talks white iron."

Out in Douglas county, Kansas, they have hit upon a new way of destroying wolves. A large piece of beef is placed where the wolves will easily find it, and in the fight resulting for its possession, experience has shown that one or more of them are almost sure to be killed.

It's an old saying that "beggars shouldn't be choosers." A Canton, O., beggar disregarded it, nevertheless, and choose to return a $2.50 gold piece which, through mistake, had been given him for a cent. For his honesty he was rewarded with the price of his supper and a night's lodging.

A Detroit man bought what purported to be a tub of butter, but a test proved that it was oleomargarine. He was angry when the fact that he had been cheated dawned upon him, but he was more so when he found a stone that weighed 12 pounds concealed in the middle of the oleomargarine.

A Boston and Maine train was stopped in a queer way recently. It was in the midst of the big storm, and everything went along all right until the train gradually began slackening, finally coming to a halt. An investigation showed that a broken wire had fallen and caught in one of the car-wheels, and had been wound round and round until the pole was drawn snugly up beneath the car, thus stopping the progress of the train.

Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot has gone into the coal trade, in imitation of Lord Londonderry, and advertises his wares in his hansom cabs. These vehicles are most convenient and well appointed. The driver can open and close the folding doors in front by pressing a spring, thus saving the fare a good deal of trouble. Inside are printed instructions for communication with the driver by whistling signals. One whistle means turn to the right, two whistles to the left, and so on.

"LEFT DESOLATE."

BY J. H. MAYHEW.

A little while, you tell me, but a little while,
And I shall be where my beloved are;
And with your eyes all large with faith, you say,
"Thy dear ones have not journeyed very far."

"Not very far!" but measured by my grief,
A distance measureless as my despair,
When, from the dreams that give them back to me,
I wake to find that they have journeyed there!

"Not very far." Ah me! the spirit has
Had its conjectures since the first man slept;
But, O the heart, it knoweth its own loss,
And death is death, as 'twas when Rachel wept!

A Fair Deceiver.

BY DUFFUS HARDY.

NO, I shall not tell the name of the ship; those who were my fellow-passengers during those brief ten days will recognize it easily enough—and themselves, too, no doubt, for I profess my portraits to be as correct as those taken by the sun; not sufficiently flattering, perhaps, to satisfy loving eyes, but good enough for strangers, who do not care what was the shape of this man's nose or the color of that man's hair.

To those who were not of our party, one vessel will be the same as another; they may choose and christen it after their own fashion, for, after all, "What's in a name?" That question was asked three hundred years ago, and answered by Tom Hood in our own day.

He proves to our satisfaction that there is a great deal in a good name but more in a bad one.

It was a bright morning in July when I started on my first Atlantic passage, in some trepidation of spirit and anxiety of mind. First I went on an expedition from one end of the magnificent vessel to the other.

It was a floating palace; so steady and strong, it seemed impossible that even the wildest waves could make a toy of it, or crush it like an egg-shell—a thing so majestic, with its iron heart beating with a regular throb, like the pulse of a strong man's life.

Having satisfied myself as to the proximity of my state-room to stewardess and doctor, I went on deck to look round on my fellow-passengers. There was plenty of them; as a rule they were mere commonplace specimens of humanity, such as nature turns out by thousands, and merely labels "man" or "woman."

But there were some exceptions; one was an elderly, stern-featured man, bronzed and weather-beaten, with small keen eyes, which looked as though they could detect a spot on the face of the sun without the aid of glasses, and so searching that, like the east wind, they would reach the marrow at a single blow.

With these piercing eyes he scanned the faces of every one who came on board. His companion, for he was not alone, was a young fellow with laughing blue eyes, full of those animal spirits which work off with the early stages of manhood.

Then there was a young new-married couple, returning from their wedding tour in the old land. Before I had time to carry my inspection further, the cry of "All for the shore" came from a pair of stentorian lungs.

There was a hurried hand-shaking all round, and "Good-bye," "Good-bye," echoed on every side, spoken with varying shades of feeling; some bade farewell with a choking sob, others with a tender regret, while some who were off for a brief holiday shouted a joyous *au revoir!*

In the midst of the bustle and confusion of parting and departing a little row-boat hailed the vessel, and in another moment came alongside, and a young widow, with a child in her arms, followed by a boy carrying a small cabin trunk, came on board.

"I have been detained. I was afraid I should miss the ship," she exclaimed, glancing anxiously around.

The purser had already taken the contract tickets from the rest of the passengers, and held out his hand for hers.

She searched her purse, her hand-bag, turned everything over, her agitation increasing as she found the search was in vain. In deep distress, and with a look of profound dismay, she exclaimed:

"I have lost it! I had it safe when I started. What shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?"

Here our bronzed old captain came to the fore, and cast his kind grey eyes on the young widow's face. She was beginning to cry, and he patted her in a fatherly way on the shoulder.

"There, there, my dear," he said soothingly, "don't distress yourself."

"You won't send me back," she exclaimed, lifting a pair of large pleading eyes to his face, and catching his hand as drowning men catch at straws.

"No! no!" he answered, "it's all right. I'll take the risk!"

He gave the signal; we all hurried to the side of the vessel, and, with a general waving of handkerchiefs and shouting of last words, the little steam-tug which had brought the passengers on board went snorting and shrieking back to the shore, and our majestic steamer steamed down the river, out towards the dreaded Irish Channel.

That evening the captain's table was crowded. Everybody seemed to realize that the vessel was to be "home" for the next ten days.

Everybody seemed socially inclined, but nevertheless took mental stock of their neighbors before deciding which companions he or she should choose, for, of course, before many hours were over we should break into little friendly parties.

The beautiful young widow, Mrs. Oliver, had the place of honor on the captain's right hand; but before this arrangement could be satisfactorily carried out the question had arisen, "What was to become of the baby during the meal?" At last a young Scotchman, Malcolm Macdonald, volunteered to immolate himself on the altar of beauty, and, animated by a grateful glance from the widow's soft brown eyes, he disappeared up the companion-way, holding the screeching baby upside down, which was perhaps excusable, it being the first time he had officiated as dry-nurse.

The captain, in his capacity as host, did his best to make things go cheerily. He set the ball of conversation rolling, and if it was not fairly bowled onwards it was no fault of his.

Meanwhile, a game of speculation was being invisibly carried on; telegraphic communication was passed from eye to eye, conjectural phrases flew round, and the current of observation set in strongly towards the young widow's quarter. She meanwhile seemed quite unconscious of the curiosity she was creating.

She sat silent and reserved, with a shade of melancholy upon her countenance, equally unconscious of the admiring glances of the one sex or the appraisement of the other.

She was monosyllabic in her answers to special questions, and in reply to general observations she merely glanced up and smiled—with such a smile! One longed to catch the upward glance and smile again. She had beautiful brown eyes, and her black dress set off to the best advantage her fair complexion and curling golden hair.

The young bride, Mrs. Howard, looked across the table with supercilious air. She had caught her liege lord's glances wandering that way oftener and with warmer admiration than she quite approved.

Once he ventured to nudge her elbow, levying an unlicensed tax upon her admiration. She refused to honor this demand, and obstinately turned her eyes in another direction.

After dinner all went their several ways, some to the smoking room, some lounged over the bulwarks, others joined the cry of "Yo, heave ho!" and helped or hindered the sailors in hauling the ropes, for the wind was freshening.

All sails were set to catch the breeze; and the vessel, like a beautiful white bird with outspread wings, floated along, cutting her way through the water with a steady rapidity that had an exhilarating effect upon everybody; we felt as if we ourselves were floating over the water. The "briny kisses of the great sweet mother" stirred the soul into open rejoicing, and bursts of laughter and cheerful voices echoed on all sides.

Meanwhile, the pretty bride and her athletic bridegroom paced the deck in gloomy silence; she, because she was wrathfully disposed; he, because he had nothing to say; he rarely had much to say; conversation was not his strong point. Presently he became vaguely aware that there was something unusual in the continued silence, and he broke it, adding insult to injury.

"I say, Kate!" he exclaimed.

"Well."

"Isn't she a stunning creature!"

"Who?"

"Why, the widow, of course; one doesn't often see such a woman; clean and smart—not a bad point about her."

"You talk as though you were studying a horse," was the freezing reply.

"So she is, she's a *mere*, mare! Not bad that! don't you see? *mere*—mother: mare, horse?"

He laughed heartily at his own wit, and nudged his wife's elbow, as a means of wakening her understanding to a full appreciation. She smiled faintly, and he followed up his advantage, adding, "Wonderfully reserved, though, and quiet, isn't she? Never once opened her lips."

"She opened her mouth though, and put plenty into it. The way she ate was perfectly disgusting; putting the knife into her mouth, too! I thought she was going to swallow it."

"Ah! that looks queer—very," he observed sagaciously. "I should like to know her history—I'm sure she's got one."

Here Mr. Jaggers, the tall strange-looking man who had first attracted my attention, joined them in their promenade, and somehow, after a slight passing observation concerning the weather, the conversation drifted towards the beautiful Mrs. Oliver.

Mr. Jaggers protested he had not seen her face. "Besides, he didn't pay much attention to women—didn't believe in 'em."

"Jaggers don't believe in anything," rejoined his young companion, whom he called "Charlie," but who was registered as "Stokes." "Now, I believe in everything, especially in women, from my own grandmother down to 'Ginx's baby.' I mean to get up a flirtation with that widow if I can."

"I don't suppose you'll have much trouble, for all she seems so reserved and shy," said Mrs. Howard, with a toss of her head.

"She doesn't talk much at present, certainly," observed Mr. Stokes, "but I daresay she'll put the steam on by-and-by."

"I think she's stupid," observed the bride.

"She can afford to be stupid," said the obtuse but chivalrous bridegroom, "for she's deucedly handsome."

"If a woman doesn't talk wisely or look well, she is not fit to live," said Charlie Stokes; "she certainly does the one, and it is not every one who can do both—like yourself," he added with an insinuating smile, at which bare-faced compliment the lady simpered and her liege lord's face radiated. He nudged her elbow, his usual way of calling her attention.

"Oh, I say, Kate! come, after that——" He did not finish his speech, he rarely did; he stumbled in the middle and then cut himself adrift altogether.

At this moment they were approaching the bow of the vessel; the golden-haired widow had seated herself upon a coil of ropes, and was looking over the bulwarks watching the white foam-flakes rushing along and leaping up the sides of the vessel.

As the group came near she glanced up and met the full gaze of Mr. Jaggers' searching eyes; here drooped, she turned away.

"My gracious!" he exclaimed in a low, smothered tone, though not so low but it reached the ears of his young friend Stokes.

"Why—what is it? What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Nothing. I was struck by a likeness, that's all. I fancy I must have seen her before somewhere," replied Mr. Jaggers.

"And I should say she was the very last person in the world whom you would be likely to see; quite off your beat. Look at her; she's a lady—no doubt about that. But you are always finding out likenesses—a dangerous faculty that. Only yesterday you said I was like somebody who was hanged ten years ago."

The next day was stormy; there were no ladies on deck, and few gentlemen. The sea had worked itself into a state of foaming fury.

There was a high wind, all sails were set, and the vessel made rapid way, going at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, cutting her way bravely through the watery mountains which reared and rose on all sides of her.

Indeed, everything rose except our spirits, and they fell below zero as we lay moaning in our cabins.

The next day the weather moderated; the storm passed, leaving only a heavy swell behind it. We heard the tramp of footsteps overhead, and cheerful voices full of exuberant healthy spirits exchanging "Good mornings;" merry jests and jokes were passing round, judging by the bursts of laughter that greeted us.

Then, one by one we crept on deck, as flies creep out of a crevice, to enjoy the first gleam of sunshine.

Mrs. Oliver was already on deck, looking as handsome as a picture in her crimson hood, carrying what young Stokes stigmatized as "that shrieking abomination" in her arms.

Many strong arms would have relieved her of it, but her manner was repellent, and seemed to resent rather than be grateful for any attention, either from her own or the opposite sex.

The gentlemen, especially the younger portion, felt aggrieved to see this young creature so heavily weighted, but had not courage to press their undesired services upon her.

"What big brutes we are," growled the admiring young Scotchman; "great hulking fellows, lounging about with our hands in our pockets, while she—by Jove! I can't stand it!"

He strode across the deck, and made straight for the young widow.

"Allow me, please," he exclaimed, taking the sturdy boy from her unresisting hands, and marching away in triumph, holding it with the grace of an elephant, and making the most ridiculous zoological noises to amuse it.

Mrs. Oliver simply yielded the child to him, without a caress or a tender word. Indeed, it was observed that she never showed any maternal tenderness to her boy, only a kind of wooden devotion. Relieved from her charge she sat down. Mr. Stokes strolled up and stood beside her.

"Your first voyage?" he inquired, taking up the initiatory step towards the proposed flirtation, which threatened, however, to be a more difficult matter than he at first imagined.

"Yes," she answered briefly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands gleefully together. "I hope we shall have a jolly time; though last night wasn't very promising."

"Wasn't it?" she said languidly, as though she had no interest in the matter.

"Well, scarcely," he answered, opening his eyes. "We don't often have that kind of weather in July. Why even poor old Jaggers was down, and it takes a good deal to bowl him over."

"Jaggers! Who is Jaggers?" she asked, lifting her beautiful eyes to his face, and for the first time waking up with some interest.

"Well, Jaggers is a friend of mine," replied Stokes. "There he is—that grim-looking, elderly party."

"I know that," she answered impatiently. "I mean, what is he?"

"Oh, what is he!" echoed Mr. Stokes, slightly taken aback. "Well, that's a facer. He don't care for everybody to know exactly what he is."

"No!" she exclaimed in sweet surprise. "At first I thought he was the captain; he looks like an officer."

"You're near it. You wouldn't like to sail in his ship, though. You'd be sure to get wrecked; perhaps landed between four stone walls."

"I don't understand," she answered, glancing up at him with a puzzled look. The young man looked away over the sea, as though he did not want to be tempted into further confidences. "I should like to know," she added, "but, of course, don't tell me if it is a secret. He is very like some one I have seen before."

"By Jove! that's exactly what he said of you!"

"Really. Well, who knows? We may turn out to be old friends. I am more than ever interested in Mr. Jaggers."

"He is the last man in the world I should have thought likely to interest a lady. It would pay much better to be interested in me," he added with a light laugh.

"Oh, there is interest and interest," rejoined Mrs. Oliver, as she dropped her eyes and turned away.

The young man was silent for a moment, and then rejoined, with the confidence beauty frequently inspires in his inexperienced sex:

"I'm sure you're to be trusted, Mrs. Oliver; but it doesn't do to let these things get afloat. We don't want everybody to know everything."

"Of course not."

"Well," he added confidentially, "Jaggers is A.1 at Scotland Yard; a first-rate hand. Once give him the scent, he is like a bloodhound—sure to run his man down."

"Ah! a police detective!" she exclaimed. He nodded. "Oh! what a dreadful man!"

"Not at all," rejoined Mr. Stokes; "he's one of the best fellows in the world, except in the way of business, then he is as hard as nails."

The announcement that he was "as hard as nails" did not seem to increase his popularity in the young widow's eyes.

"It is a mean sneaky way of getting a living," she observed, "and all the talking in the world can't make it anything else."

"I don't know about that," he answered, "one evil creates another, you know. So long as thieves run ahead there must be somebody to catch them. On the whole I think the detective is a grand institution, a necessary one, too, and so you'd think if you had lost your jewelry, and he," jerking his head towards Jaggers, "was to find it for you."

"I suppose I should," she answered demurely; "in such cases we are apt to be selfish."

"Yes," replied the young fellow, "and generally speaking, we are quite ready to shake hands with the sinner when we benefit by the sin."

"Perhaps," she answered, glancing up with a sly, winning smile into his face, "but I don't think I should choose the sinner for my travelling companion, especially on a pleasure excursion," she added emphatically. He laughed and rubbed his hands together as though he rather enjoyed the idea.

"So you think we're on a pleasure excursion?" he chuckled.

"At least it looks like it," she answered.

"Ah! but you shouldn't judge by appearances: it is quite the reverse, and you —well, I suppose we have been speculating about one another; I vote that we strike a bargain—you tell me your story and I'll tell you ours."

The lady looked down and played nervously with the folds of her dress, as she answered with a mournful air, as though she had just come out of the deepest affliction department:

"Mine is soon told, I—I am a widow, as you see, and I am going to join my friends in Quebec." She looked at him, adding inquiringly, "And you?"

"Oh! we're likely to have rather a lively time of it," he replied half hesitating for a moment, then adding briskly, "You've heard of the great jewel robbery, I suppose? All London is ablaze with it. A wonderfully mysterious affair," he added, knitting his brows, as though he had the mystery on the brain, "but I think we are on the right track now. Jaggers is rather close, but I fancy I know a thing or two."

"But what have you to do with it?" she inquired with naive interest.

"Not much, really. I'm going partly for pleasure, partly for the purpose of identification. I think I can swear to the fellow we're after, and I know I can recognize the jewels if he has them concealed about him."

The widow regarded him with a look of furtive inquiry, as she asked in a low voice, almost under her breath:

"Is he in Canada?" He nodded confidentially.

"Sailed five days ago, but on a slower vessel than this; we shall catch him at Quebec. We have telegraphed to the police there, and they'll look after him, and take good care of him, too, till we come. Then Jaggers will just slip the bracelets on, and we'll be back in England in next to no time."

"Please don't talk any more about it," she rejoined, "it makes one quite miserable to hear of such dreadful things."

She got up and walked to the other side of the deck. He whistled as he leaned against the bulwarks, and watched the little figure pacing briskly to and fro.

"Whew!" he whistled softly. "How sensitive these women are! What a fool I was to talk to her!" He pulled his fair moustache perplexedly as he added, "What would Jaggers say, I wonder?"

It was getting dark—too late for ring-toss, and shovel-board was wiped from the deck.

People strolled up and down singing snatches of old songs, some indulging in desultory chit-chat—the small change of society, which always passes current when the pure gold of conversation lies like a drug in the market for want of circulation. The young married couple were seated in the bow of the vessel, feasting daintily on their honeymoon, which threatened to give out before the end of their journey. The monotonous music of the sailors' singing mingled with the cheery voice of our captain as he passed hither and thither, exchanging pleasant words by the way. He was a bronzed old sea-dog, the commodore of the line.

We often wondered when our captain slept, or if he was a human machine warranted to go ten days without winding up, for he had the faculty of popping on all parts of the vessel at the most unexpected times.

His sharp eyes were everywhere. Nothing escaped his observation, from a speck on the deck to a bluebottle buzzing about the shrouds of his vessel.

As the evening closed in a drizzling rain began to fall; it seemed to damp everybody's spirits; conversation languished and the deck was speedily cleared. Some betook themselves to the saloon and improvised a concert for their own benefit, for the most lugubrious strains and mutilated fragments of popular melodies floated through the skylight and died a natural death in the evening air.

Some descended to their cabins and made themselves at home there. If the sea had not been as smooth as a billiard table there would not have been much of "at home" about it; but Neptune was in a drowsy mood and all went well.

Late in the evening, young Stokes, who had been unlifting his manly voice in some love-torn ditty, came up on deck for a last look round before retiring for the night.

As he passed up the companion-way he glanced into the little deck saloon, which was generally sacred to the ladies. He quite started, he could hardly believe his eyes, for there sat Mr. Jaggers and the fair widow Mrs. Oliver, engaged in a game of chess, evidently enjoying it, too. His grim harsh features were lighted up with the ghost of a smile, as she said in playful reproach, with a half-knit contemplative brow:

"Oh, how ungallant! you've castled my queen, but wait, I'll be even with you yet."

"That woman's a witch, by Jove! Poor old Jaggers, a victim to female charms; at his age too!" chuckled the young fellow, as he stole away unobserved by either of them, and strolled up and down the deck ruminating.

It was late when Mr. Stokes retired to rest, and then he tossed uneasily on his pillow; he could not sleep, he had an uncomfortable feeling as though he had been defrauded of his confidence, shorn of his secret as effectually as Samson was shorn of his locks.

Not only had he betrayed himself, but his friend also, into the hands of this modern Delilah.

Then he consoled himself, reflecting, "After all it could not matter much. What harm could a woman do except talking?" Then he smiled grimly as he remembered how often a woman had talked away a man's reputation, liberty, life itself.

"Bosh," he muttered, trying to reconcile himself to himself; "when we have done our business she may talk as much as she likes; till then I'll keep an eye upon her."

The days passed away pleasantly and monotonously, as days do at sea.

Malcolm Macdonald and Charlie Stokes were assiduous in their attentions to the young widow; but it seemed to them both that she smiled on none so sweetly as on the elderly, grim, and hard-featured Jaggers.

One night young Stokes, who had been sitting up playing cards and smoking, was restless and wakeful; the July night was hot, and he felt feverish, and got up to fetch a drink of iced-water.

As he crossed amidships on the main deck, he saw a light at the end of the corridor, from the half-open door of Mr. Jaggers' cabin.

"Poor old beggar," he muttered, "he's something like me—can't sleep; I'll rout him out to keep me company."

He quickened his pace, then stopped suddenly. Some one came out and shut the door; it was a woman! She came mowly along the passage towards him; as she crossed the strip of moonlight he recognized the face of Mrs. Oliver!

"Gracious!" he exclaimed under his breath, as he stepped noiselessly aside, and she came nearer—nearer—and passed within a few feet of where he stood.

Her eyes were wide open, as she stared straight before her—seeing nothing—for though her eyes were open their sense was shut. He recognized the fact that she was walking in her sleep! He followed to see that she came to no harm. Having seen her safely to her cabin, he went to bed and slept soundly till morning.

As he sat down to breakfast he looked round for Mrs. Oliver, but she was not there.

He said nothing to any one of what he had seen in the night; there was no purpose to be served in mentioning it; so he kept discreetly silent. He lounged by the companion-way, glancing furtively down the stairs, but the fair widow failed to make her appearance.

As the day wore on, a rumor got in circulation that Mrs. Oliver was not well, and was unable to leave her cabin. The lady-passengers charged themselves with the care of the child, while the stewardess looked after the mother, so far as she would allow her to do so, but Mrs. Oliver was irritable and impatient.

She refused to see the doctor, "There was nothing the matter," she said, "she only wanted to be quiet—to be let alone!" So she lay for the best part of the day with her face to the wall.

Mr. Jaggers, with a haggard, watchful face, haunted the corridors; he said nothing, but his eyes followed the stewardess into the cabin, and questioned her with mute inquiry as she came out of it.

That evening we reached Farther Point, and sent up a rocket to summon a pilot from the shore.

Three rockets, red, white, and blue, went up in answer, "Coming." Then a white light, like a gigantic glowworm, came creeping along the face of the water, nearer and nearer, till the plish-plashing of oars brought a cockle-shell of a boat alongside, and the pilot, with the agility of a cat, climbed up the huge black side of the vessel, and leaped over the bulwarks on the deck.

We got up steam and were soon once more on our way.

We paced the deck, chatting and singing snatches of old songs, all more or less excited as we approached the end of our journey.

Glancing over the bulwarks, we were startled by the appearance of a huge black mass, which seemed to grow mysteriously out of the darkness, with many colored lights swinging in the empty air. It was the steam-tug which had come off from Rimouski for the mail, and such passengers as desired to proceed direct to Lower Canada.

There was a hurrying and bustling to and fro; the mail bags were flung out from the lower deck, and about fifty steerage passengers and some others went ashore.

The next morning general consternation sat on the official faces. One after another they proceeded to the captain's room, and held mysterious conferences there.

People looked questioningly in other's eyes, and wondered. Presently a rumor flew from one end of the vessel to the other—Mrs. Oliver was missing!

On going to her state-room in the morning the stewardess found it empty. Hurried inquiries were whispered from one to another; at length the excitement calmed down, and a strict investigation took place.

Where had she been least seen, and by whom? Mr. Stokes reluctantly stepped forward and told what he had seen on the previous night.

It was a horrible idea, but at last a tangible one.

She might have walked overboard in her sleep! That was the conclusion generally arrived at.

This terrible catastrophe cast a gloom over everybody's spirits, and allayed much of the excitement and pleasure of nearing the land.

All day we steamed up the beautiful St. Lawrence River, with a panoramic view of picturesque and glowing scenery outspread on either side.

Towards evening Quebec in her regal beauty, with the fading sunlight flashing from her thousand windows and glittering on her sloping roofs, came in sight. Then began everybody's preparations for leaving the vessel.

Mr. Jaggers and young Stokes scanned eagerly the faces on the landing stage. A police official came on board, followed by one or two subordinates.

An order was given that no one was to leave the vessel till they had examined all the passengers. Mr. Jaggers took the chief official aside, and they conversed in a low tone.

"You've got our man!" exclaimed Jaggers. "He should have arrived two days ago. We wired a description and requested he should be detained."

"Never came," replied the brother-detective, adding with a curious smile, "He's here on the vessel with you."

"That's not so," said Jaggers decidedly. "Do you think I'd have a rat under my nose and not smell him? I know every man on board."

"And every woman too?" inquired the officer with a significance that made him shiver. "Here, read that," he added, placing in Mr. Jaggers' hand a telegram which ran thus—

"Davis did not sail as expected—you will find him on board the steamship 'Atlantean.' Disguised as a widow and accompanied by a little boy about a year old. Jewels probably concealed about him."

Jaggers staggered as though he had been shot. His professional pride fell dead within him.

He dashed down the stairs and in a few minutes reappeared in great agitation.

His pocket-book, with photographs, papers of identification, &c., had been stolen. Was this the widow's errand to his room the night before?

Was the sleep-walking business a sham? Their wondering was soon set at rest. The dress the *soi-disant* widow used to wear was found concealed beneath a berth in an empty cabin.

The disappearance, which had so perplexed everybody, was now understood. John Davis, a boardless young fellow, the son of a gang which had given much trouble to the London police, had escaped from England in a widow's dress with the spoil of the great jewel robbery secreted about him!

He had evidently thrown off the fascinating golden curls which had lent such an effectual disguise and so powerful a charm to the widow's suit, and, donning his own attire, had mixed unobserved with the steerage passengers and gone off at Rimouski.

Jaggers, in sore humiliation of spirit, hid his head covered with professional shame. His 'prey had flaunted and flirted before his eyes; and though he had "castled her queen" he had never been so effectually "checkmated."

Henceforth the sight of a widow acted upon him as a red rag on a bull, and his chief delight in life was to run them down.

Her Crime.

BY J. CASSELL.

A RECEPTION at Mrs. Ashburton's; the brilliantly lighted parlors filled; dazzle of lights and jewels, rainbows of color, odors of flowers and perfume, swaying figures and floating drapery as the dancers dancing in time go by to the soft strains of stringed instruments.

Laura Hazelhurst and her partner, resting from their waltz, stepped aside to allow two late arrivals to enter.

"Ah!" exclaimed the gentleman, "who is that divine creature? A goddess, surely."

"No, indeed, she is not," said Miss Hazelhurst, lifting her pretty eyebrows. "She is simply Mrs. Kenneth Dawson, and not of much account, I assure you; quite a nobody before her marriage."

"She can well afford to be a nobody with such beauty. I must admit having seen two really beautiful women to-night," he continued, looking down at the glowing face with a meaning glance, thinking, perhaps from the slight frown lurking there that he had been rather indiscreet to praise one woman to another.

Laura's face brightened at this, notwithstanding that she felt he was trying to reinstate himself and her vanity was wounded to the quick.

This was not the first time Nina had been praised in her hearing; when she was Nina Roseberry, it had been Laura's part to stand aside and see her worshipped where she had reigned a queen, and then see her capture a prize which Laura had thought her own.

For Kenneth Dawson had been an admirer of Laura's, with whom she had flirted so outrageously that at last, discerning the real character of the girl, he left her in disgust.

People had whispered that the pretty flirt took his marriage with the fair Miss Roseberry very much to heart.

She could see no beauty in the bride, and was very bitter against her. She had even sworn in her passionate young heart to have revenge some day.

How, she did not know; but to-night hatred of this fair girl burned fiercely in her breast.

Nina was radiantly lovely to-night in white silk and pearls, and Laura was quick to perceive it; though, she said to herself, what was such cold, fair beauty compared with the rich, warm tone of her own dark splendor?

One might as well liken the calm light of the moon to the dazzling glory of the sun; and, moreover, had she not been likened to an Italian sunset, with her blue-black eyes and the carmine tint in her dark cheek?

Kenneth had whispered this one evening in days past, and she had believed that he loved her when he said it, and while she knew in her heart that she loved him and no other, she told him she was going to bestow her heart and hand elsewhere, simply because she loved to feel her power to make or mar the life of a lover; and he had dared to survive the shock, and did not again return as she had meant he should, but consoled himself.

This fact was very bitter indeed to Laura, and she shed many scalding tears over it. But this was not all. Here, to-night, she had seen another slave to her charms.

"Thank Heaven she is married, and cannot interfere with my plans to capture the young millionaire! Hateful thing!" she muttered. "She has no right to supplant me everywhere, and she shall suffer for it."

Ah, Laura, why could you not have reflected before you reached this determination?

Nina's beauty being the innocent cause of your disturbance did not alter the fact that she was not a coquette, and was quite innocent of having caused you a moment's uneasiness.

Their eyes met for an instant when Laura went forward to extend her hand in greeting, and although young Mrs. Dawson returned the pressure, she shuddered while she held the little soft brown hand in hers, and gazing into those velvety black eyes, with their purring expression, she felt a strange, terrible foreboding of impending evil.

"It is only because I do not like the girl," she said to herself afterwards; "but why I do not is more than I can tell; she has never done me any harm, and yet she makes me feel always as if she hated me."

Laura bowed to Kenneth, and contented herself with bestowing a bewitching smile upon him, which she so well knew how to do.

She was dressed to perfection to-night in a costume similar to the one Kenneth had been loud in praise of once: perfect clouds of rose-colored gauze, only relieved here and there by trailing white star flowers and flashing diamonds.

A most ravishingly becoming toilet to her peculiar warm dark beauty, and she knew it.

Kenneth looked at her as she moved away, and wondered that he had ever believed himself in love with one so frivolous, such a mere butterfly of fashion. Nina—ah! she was an angel—not to be spoken of in the same breath. How his heart throbbed with love for her, his wife!

Kenneth Dawson was very handsome, tall, broad-shouldered, with erect carriage, clear dark eyes, set beneath a broad, high brow, from which clusters of wavy dark hair fell away in short, thick masses; but the mouth was the most striking feature of the altogether kindly, handsome face; it could be plainly seen beneath the drooping moustache, and spoke volumes as to the character of the man; not too large, nor small, which is an ugly feature in a man, scarcely endurable in a woman; a tender, loving mouth, drooping just a trifle at the corners—a mouth that could be firm in a just cause, and yielding as a child's beneath the rod of affliction.

Love for, and pride in, the graceful, beautiful creature at his side shone in every feature of his face.

Nina Roseberry Dawson, the beloved and only daughter of poor but respectable parents, was a fragile, flower-like creature, with pale brown hair and shadowy blue eyes—of that sweet and touching beauty that brings tears into one's eyes, and fills the heart with sadness, because the thought cannot be suppressed that life, with its rough wintry storms, will have no pity on this tender blossom, and the beaming angel face may one day be changed into the tear-strained face of a sorrowing, heart-broken woman; or, better perhaps, lie hushed in the awful calm of death.

These two loved each other and seemed fitly mated, gifted by nature as they were with both beauty and goodness.

The evening passed quickly 'mid music and dancing, when Kenneth, leaving Nina with a friend, went off to the billiard-room; and Nina being tired of dancing, they went into the conservatory for a quiet little stroll. After awhile they sat down on a rustic seat, when a white rose bent over and touched Nina's cheek with its soft petals, and a

tang e of tropical vines and gorgeous scarlet blossoms formed a background for her slender white-robed figure.

An hour or so went by in pleasant conversation.

Presently the two ladies became aware that they were not alone in their quiet retreat. Voices were heard in whispered conclave.

Though they could not see the speaker, these words could be distinctly heard:—

"Oh, yes; he loved me, and he told my brother Will, n—long since, that he should n—regret—is sake and was unhappy, although Nina was very sweet and loving; still she was not born to rank with him and his class, you know, poor girl; she cannot help that. Ah! poor Kenneth!"

The speaker was Laura Hazelhurst, who had come to the spot accompanied by a friend.

Seeing Nina and Mrs. Norman in their quiet little nook away from the dazzle of the lights, the thought occurred to her that she might give Nina a little stab in payment for the evening's discomfiture. Hence the conversation.

How little she dreamed of the fatal consequences of her rash act!

Those false words struck deeply into Nina's heart; she clutched her friend frantically and gave a startled cry.

"What did I hear? Kenneth mistaken, unhappy? Oh, no, no—it cannot be!" Then with a sharp cry of agony she fell heavily to the floor.

When that cry reached her ears, Laura crouched lowdown among the leaves and vines like the guilty thing she was, and in an agony of fear lest she had in her eagerness to be revenged wrought more harm than she intended.

She had not thought Nina would take it in this way; she had meant those words to sink deep into the poor heart—not to kill but to embitter its existence. She wanted her rival to die by slow torture, and those words to become the "little rift that by-and-by would make the music mute."

* * * * * *

Everybody was dismayed and horrified at the sudden death in the midst of so much that betoken life and its pleasures, and stood about in groups, white and terrified, as if they expected to be stricken down themselves the next moment.

Poor Nina was indeed dead. A physician who had been summoned declared her to have been dead when she fell, from heart disease. The sudden shock was too much.

The stricken husband, when all was over, left for parts unknown. Laura, delivered over to the custody of her own conscience, for awhile seemed on the verge of insanity, and, though she recovered, never again resumed her old gaiety of manner. She lived to tell the story of her crime to her grandchildren as a warning against harboring such evil as jealousy and hatred in their hearts.

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS.—A girl who is partaking of the last meal she is to eat in her father's house previous to her marriage sits at the table with her parents and her brothers; but she must eat no more than half the bowl of rice set before her, else her departure will be followed by continual scarcity in the domicile she is leaving.

If a bride breaks the heel of her shoe in going from her father's to her husband's house, it is ominous of unhappiness in her new rent-ce. A piece of bacon and a parcel of sugar are hung on the back of a bride's sedan chair as a sop to the demons who might molest her while on her journey. The "Three Baneful Ones" are fond of salt and spices, and the "White Tiger" likes sweets.

A bride may be brought home while a coffin is in her husband's house, but not within a hundred days after a coffin is carried out. Domestic troubles are sure to come upon one who is married within a hundred days after a funeral.

A bride, while putting on her wedding garment, stands in a round, shallow basket. This continues to her ending a place, we presume, in her future home. After her departure from her father's door he or they puts the basket over the mouth of the oven to stop the mouths of all who would make adverse comment on her daughter, and then sits down before the kitchen range, that her peace and leisure may be duplicated in her daughter's life.

A bride must not, for four months after her marriage, enter any house in which there has recently been a death or a birth, for if she does there will surely be a quarrel between her and the groom. If a young mother goes to see a bride, the visitor is looked upon as the cause of any calamity that may follow.

THE United States leads all the rest of the world in its telegraphic business, as well as in many other things. She has almost 700,000,000 miles of wire stretching all over the continent, like the lines of a spider's web. France comes next with less than one third that number of miles; Germany follows third, and Great Britain fourth. But the rates are much cheaper in the last named country than anywhere else in the world, consequently the number of messages sent each year is transmitted in the United States. Have you any idea how many that may be? No less than 72 000 000 in our own country and 73 000 000 in Great Britain! These are the figures for 1886. The telephone is used scarcely at all in Europe, but the record in our country for the same year, was 312 606,710 messages. Think what a number of "Hellos!"

JUDGE not hastily; it is better to suspend our opinion than to retract an assertion.

THE WARRIOR AND HIS STEED.

A paragraph recently went the round of the papers to the effect that "the ashes of the late Maharajah Scindiah have been formally consigned to the Ganges, and that a richly caparisoned white horse, and an elephant wearing a silver necklace, together with a money present, were first of all sent to the priests who were to officiate."

At first sight there appears to be some difficulty about the horse and the elephant. Richly caparisoned horses are not for priests—the haughty Wolsey was content with a mule; and elephants—especially those with silver necklaces—are reserved for royal personages and high state officials.

The fact is that the present had far more reference to Scindiah than to the priests, and was conceived in exactly the same spirit as that which prompted the Hindoo wife to throw herself on the funeral pile of her husband, that she might follow him to the Silent Land, and there minister to his comforts as she was wont to do on earth.

In early civilization, when the idea of a future life was reached, it was believed that the lower animals, like man, possessed souls. It was, therefore, perfectly natural that, when a man of rank died, wives, servants, horses, and dogs should be slain at his tomb to perform for their lord in the next life the services they had been accustomed to render in this.

But just as human sacrifices—formerly everywhere prevalent—have almost universally given way to symbolical sacrifices, so the sacrifice of animals at the burial of a dead warrior has been replaced by a present to the officiating priests, or by the horse being led in his funeral procession.

At the burial of Patroclus, as related by Homer, twelve Trojan captives, nine dogs, and four horses were slain and thrown on the funeral pyre that the dead hero might have slaves to attend him, horses to ride on, and dogs to hunt with in the Islands of the Blest.

From the Trojan War to the city of Troves in 1731 is a long leap, but there, in that year, at the funeral of Kasimir, a general of cavalry, the horse of the dead soldier was shot and lowered into the grave of his master.

This was, in all probability, the last instance of actual funeral sacrifice in Europe; but in our own day at the funeral of every mounted soldier, the dead man's charger, saddled and bridled, follows in the mournful procession, and this is the sole remaining relic of the old custom to which we have referred.

THE HUMBLE MAN.—The humble man trusts not to his own discretion, but, in matters of concernment, relies rather on the judgment of his friends, counsellors, or spiritual guides.

He does not pertinaciously pursue the choice of his own will, but in all things lets God choose for him and his superiors in those things which concern them.

He does not murmur against commands.

He is not inquisitive into the reasonableness of indifferent and innocent commands, but believes their command to be reason enough in such cases to exact his obedience.

He lives according to a rule, and with compliance to public customs, without any affectation or singularity.

He is meek and indifferent in all accidents and chances.

He patiently bears injuries.

He is always unsatisfied in his own conduct, resolutions, and counsels.

He is a great lover of good men, and a praiser of wise men, and a censurer of no man.

He is modest in his speech and reserved in his laughter.

He fears when he hears himself commended, lest God make another judgment concerning his actions than men do.

He gives no pert or saucy answers when he is reproved, whether justly or unjustly.

He loves to sit down in private, and if he may refuses the temptation of offices and new honors.

He is ingenuous, free, and open in his actions and discourses.

He mends his fault, and gives thanks when he is admonished.

He is ready to do good offices to the murderers of his fame, to his slanderers, backbiters, and detractors, as Christ washed the feet of Judas.

And is contented to be suspected of indiscretion, so before God he may be really innocent, and not offensive to his neighbor, nor wanting to his just and prudent interest.

BISHOP TAYLOR.

REVERSED RELATIONS.—A sturdy little chap, some seven years old, had a tantrum some time ago, and his mother, in order to mark her displeasure and impress it upon him, left him by himself and went to her own room. He followed her as far as the door, which, after having passed in, she closed it somewhat emphatically. Then he went to his play. Half an hour later he returned, opened the door softly, and looked in. His mother caught his eye and could not repress a smile. "There," he said, "I knew you'd get over it. Now you are my own dear mamma again." Somehow it was hard to make out that he ta't that he had been the subject of punishment—on the contrary, somewhat otherwise.

A NEW JERSEY girl has fashioned portions of hair from the heads of over 2000 individuals into a large handsome wreath of 1000 flowers and leaves. She was one year in making it, and collected locks of hair from persons in Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Idaho, California, New Jersey, and even England.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The arrest of a legless cripple named Agostin Ross, who did a thriving trade near the Madeleine in Paris, has led to some curious disclosures. It appears that a regular country of these cripples exists at Levallois Perret. Most of the cripples hail from Catalonia, and it is strongly suspected that their parents and far more to do with their legless condition than nature. Many Catalonians are said to mutilate the mother limbs of their children, for the purpose of providing them with a paying profession later on in life. Their earnings on an average are said to be three times as much as those of the average working man, and amount to about three dollars per day.

A London newspaper says that the "dog corps" in the French army is being carefully trained at Belfort, and the pupils begin to do credit to their teachers. Huge dogs are chosen, and every day they are shown soldiers in German uniform and excited to fly at the people enemies, being meanwhile kept in by a strong chain. This lesson learned, the dogs are taken to the outposts, each attached to a sentinel, when presently a sham German saunters by. The dogs fly after him with such zeal that as a rule the soldier has to make for the nearest tree. One difficulty perplexes the authorities—the sporting dogs will neglect their man hunting duties if they can get a scent of any more legitimate game, such as a partridge or a rabbit.

Professor Elisha Gray, according to scientific gossip, has just completed an invention called the "telautograph," by means of which, it is claimed, autograph letters and pictures can be transmitted from one person to another at any distance within 500 miles. When one person wishes to communicate with another he pushes a button, which rings an annunciator in the exchange, or in the office of the person with whom he wishes to converse. Then he takes his "telautograph" writing pencil from its holder and writes his message. As he writes so writes the pencil at the other end of the wire. In writing, the pencil is attached to small wires, and these wires, it is explained, regulate the currents which control the pencil at the other end of the wire.

They had a weird sort of a dance at Sierra City on Washington's birthday, says a California exchange. Previous to the holiday the following printed notices, bordered in black, were posted all around town: "Funeral Notice—Died, at Sierra City, Cal. February 22, 1888, Small-pox. As the deceased has no friends in town his enemies are invited to assemble at Spencer & Moore's Hall, at 8 o'clock to dance on his coffin. The funeral exercises will be under the auspices of the Rattle's Band, which will pipe its level best for the occasion. Tickets, $1. P. S.—The wake will continue ad libitum at the close of the dance." That evening the people turned out en masse and had a rip-roaring breakingdown in celebration of their at last being out of quarantine. The dances indulged in during the evening were the small-pox polka, the virus jig, vaccination reel and quarantine quadrille. Thirty-five recently recovered small-pox patients participated in the festivities.

A case was being tried in the west of England, and at its termination the judge charged the jury and they retired for consultation. Hour after hour passed and no verdict was brought in. The judge's dinner hour arrived, and he became hungry and impatient. Upon inquiry he learned that one obstinate juryman was holding out against eleven. That he could not stand, and he ordered the twelve men to be brought before him. He told them that in his charge to them he had so plainly stated the case and the law that the verdict ought to be unanimous, and the man who permitted his individual opinion to weigh against the judgment of seven men of wisdom was stupid and disqualified ever again to act as the equal of jurymen. At the end of this excited harangue a little squeaky voice came from one of the jury. He said: "Will your lordship allow me to say a word?" Permission being given, he added: "May it please your lordship, I am the only man on your side."

According to the writer of a Yucatan letter, formerly all the streets in Merida were distinguished in a manner peculiar to Yucatan, by images of birds or beasts set up at the corners, and many streets retain the ancient sign. "For example," he says, "the street upon which we are living is called La Calle del Flamingo, because of a huge red flamingo painted on the corner house. Another is known as the street of the Elephant, and the representation of it is an exaggerated animal, with curved trunk and a body as big as a barrel. There is the street of the Old Woman, and on its corner is the caricature of an aged female, with huge spectacles astride her nose. The street of the Two Faces has a double-faced human head, and there are others equally striking. The reason of this kindergarten sort of nomenclature was because when the streets were named the great mass of inhabitants were Indians who could not read, and therefore printed signs would have been no use to them, but the picture of a bird, a flamingo or an elephant they could not mistake."

TO SEE what is right and not do it is want of courage or of principle.

Health Is Wealth.

Health of Body is Wealth of Mind.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

The Great Blood Purifier

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh your bones sound, without caries, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

BEAUTY

How to secure a [illegible]

[illegible] and increase the brilliancy [illegible]

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN

[illegible] secreting or foes of the skin, the [illegible] experimental [illegible] humors. It will [illegible] elimination of the poison, and make the skin [illegible] beautiful. This is the ONLY way to secure good skin.

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Scrofula, Ring Worm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Keels, [illegible] like Sarsaparillian Resolvent except [illegible] special agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Tubercular and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

[illegible] Kidney and Bladder [illegible] Sarsaparillian Resolvent [illegible] Physicians say, [illegible] Diseases, but it is the only [illegible] cure for [illegible] of water. It is better than French Brandy or [illegible] as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost-bites, Nervousness, Sleeplessness.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will [illegible] and comfort.

INTERNAL [illegible] a few drops in water will in a few [illegible] Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, [illegible] as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

[illegible] RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few [illegible] in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS

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Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients. Act Without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in Their Operation.

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Our Young Folks.

"CLEF DU CLEF."

BY GERALDINE BUTT.

IT was from Uncle George that I first heard the story. He told it to George and me in his own particular sanctum, where he kept his books and fishing rods, and all his other treasures.

I had never liked our name very much before I heard the story, I must confess. "Clay," short and uninteresting, with nothing poetical or romantic in the sound, but now I never hear it spoken without thinking of Marie and the key. But I am anticipating. To make you understand the story I must go back to the beginning, and tell it just as Uncle George did the night I first heard it.

The very beginning is a long way back, he said, for it all happened at the time of the last invasion of France by the English—and the heroine of the story is a little French girl called Marie. I do not know her other name; I don't believe she had one. I only know that her mother was a washerwoman, but she was a very nice little girl all the same.

She had fair hair, rather fluffy, and it was kept neat, with great difficulty, by being pinned back and tied down under a close muslin cap. She had very large brown eyes with a babyish look in them, although she was 12 years old and anything but a baby.

I don't know what she wore on ordinary days, but on the eventful days on which her picture was painted, she had on a blue woolen skirt, and a white apron with pockets. The picture—and a very fine painting it is—hangs in the town hall of that quaint French city, and there I saw it first more than twenty years ago.

Well, it was a very hot day, and the little town was fast asleep, so she had wandered out beyond the gates with her brother, Jean Marie, to while away a few hours in the soft, green meadow grass, through which the river ran.

There was a dusty road, lying like a white ribbon between the green inclosures, but Marie, and Jean Marie, with their bare feet, kept to the soft dandelions and daisies, and did not tempt Providence by walking on the stones. Little Jean Marie went to sleep presently, and he had slept a good while, when he was awakened by a sharp cry close to him.

"Wake up Jean. Wake up, *mon brave!*—the enemy!"

Mothers used to terrify their naughty children then with that same cry, so it had lost a good deal of its effect in the little city, to which the enemy had never come. Jean sat up, rubbing his eyes and whimpering. Marie was standing in the gray roadway shading her eyes, and looking away into the distance.

"Where, then, are the enemy?" asked Jean, half crying still. Marie pointed with her small forefinger.

"But I see only dust!" cried little Jean.

Marie, however, saw something more. A gleam here and there, where the sunlight glanced on a sword or pennon—a red light where, once and again, the cloud of dust had lifted, or settled down—heard too, the muffled thunder of feet on the hard road.

She looked round at the iron gates of the little city—wide open! at the old porter nodding on his bench, the careless sentinel drinking at the ale-house door, with his rusty sword propped up against the table—and then back to that thin red line that was growing out of the dust and sunlight of the distance.

She took Jean's hot hand, and dragged him on.

"Come back, Jean," she said, in her quick, young voice. "The enemy are here, my friend, and no one sees, and the city gates are open!"

Jean's fat legs struggled on obediently.

"It is so hot, Marie," he panted.

"Courage then," said Marie. "We are getting nearer; dost thou not see the soldier now, and old Francois?"

"I cannot see, Marie, the sun dazzles me."

"Hurry, then, Jean, dost thou not hear the enemy behind?"

"I cannot hear, Marie, only what thou sayest."

A little longer silence, whilst they hurried on, then Jean spoke again.

"I cannot run any more, Marie, my legs are tired."

Marie stopped, and turned suddenly to look at him. All the day had darkened to her eyes, and she felt sick and giddy. She knelt upon the dust and held him close, stroking his hair.

"My little Jean, they will not hurt thee! my brave, brave little Jean. I must hurry on to shut the city gates, but thou art too little, and the way is hot! Sit here with thy daisies, and watch the soldiers, and do not cry for me." No Joan of Arc, no Charlotte Corday, fired with pride and patriotism, could have done a finer action.

Poor little Jean was only too glad to tumble down into the long, cool grass, and watch the soldiers, but Marie's eyes were dim and frightened.

"The Holy Mother keep thee, little Jean!" she said. "The good soldiers will not hurt thee."

"But they are not good," said little Jean; "they are wicked—wicked—thou hast told me so, so often."

"Not these," said Marie.

"And thou wilt come back soon?"

"When the gate is shut I will creep out."

The leader of the dusty band of red coats had paused for a minute under a tree, he was shading his eyes to look down the sunlit road.

"The way is quite clear," he said cheerfully.

"The gates open—every one asleep, apparently, nothing in the way but a little lass and lad, flying before us like chaff before the wind, half dead with fright, I'll be bound. Here!" to an old soldier standing beside him; "be careful of the children, if we come up to them; one has fallen by the way! On, men! No delay! St. George for Merry England!"

With her cap aside, her feet trembling, her soft hair hanging damp about her face, Marie struggled on. The stones tore her feet, and made her limp. The beating of her heart was almost pain. All her senses seemed concentrated in her ears, listening for the thud, thud of horses' feet upon the road.

Weary, breathless, panting, she toiled on, trying to cry out, or make some sign, but all unnoticed. The sentinel had laid his head upon the inn table beside the empty flagon, the old porter was nodding on his bench, over his head, Marie could hear a caged thrush singing in the sunlight. Away behind her, there came, more distinctly now, the thunder of the hoofs. "Jean! Jean! Jean!" she cried out loud, not thinking of any other word to say.

But still she struggled on! The singing of the thrush was louder now, and more exultant; a sound like surging waves was in her ears; she could not hear the thunder of the hoofs because of it, but looking back, with frightened eyes, she saw the stirring dust not 300 yards away, and riding by himself in front, a solitary red figure, waving something in his hand.

She stretched out her hand and felt the gate. Blinded, terrified, drawing long breaths like sobs, she stumbled through. The drunken soldier rose feebly to his feet, and barred her way, but, with the strength of despair, she thrust him back.

With all her might she strove and pushed at the great iron gates, and felt them move at her touch, and roll easily forward. As in a dream she heard them meet and clang, and then, with both her hands, she seized the iron key, and tried to move it.

Once, twice, it half turned, and stopped. With a desperate effort of her sobbing strength she tried again, and then, with a grating, creaking sound, she turned it in the lock, leaving a stain of blood, like a red seal, upon handle.

The solitary, scarlet figure drew up sharply not one hundred yards from the gate.

"Bravely done!" he said. "The little maid has shut the gates, and bolted them in my very face."

The troops were let in after a brief parley, what else could a little city do with no fortifications, and only a few muddle-headed volunteers to guard it? But with the enemy outside the gate, instead of in, they could make terms, and thus be spared the horror and the bloodshed that had deluged fairer cities.

They brought in little Jean when they came at last. He was seated on a trooper's horse, guiding the great rough beast up the narrow street very proudly. And he went from the trooper's horse straight into his mother's arms.

All the quiet townspeople had come down to their doors to see the red soldiers go jingling up the quaint and pretty street, going peaceably enough with jest and laugh, and with swords in their scabbards instead of flashing in the sunlight.

They all came down, that is all but Marie, who was tossing in a fitful fever, in her hot little up-stairs room, always being caused in her delirium by phantom soldiers through an endless desert.

No! she did not die! If she had, her picture could not have been painted, which it was "by order," when she was a little better, and able to sit in a great armchair by the window. M. le Maire, and all the city dignitaries came to pay her a visit then, accompanied by heralds and trumpets, and all the luxuries of the middle ages, including, probably, an embossed address, a horror which did not die with the middle ages, unfortunately! On a purple velvet cushion, they presented to her the city key, carefully pointing out the faded stain the drop of blood had left upon it, but probably, she remembered that as well as they did.

They ennobled the family, who took the name Du Clef at first as a sort of title, "Marie Du Clef," I fancy the child used to be called at first—and the Motto "Clef du Clef," which I literally translate "The Key of Keys," was adopted by the family. I hope and believe that they gave her something more substantial also, for the family seem to have become somebodies from that time.

Of Marie's after life I can find out nothing—it was merged in that of her husband whoever he may have been: but Jean's great-great-great-grandson, in direct descent, married an English lady, and their children Anglicised the name to Clay though they always kept the French motto. The key is under the glass case in the gun-room still, lying on its velvet cushion, but I am sorry to say that there is no stain upon it now.

In time, I dare say, people will doubt the story, and even dispute the fact that little Marie's blood once stained the key. But I hope children, my Uncle concluded, you will fight her battle with your latest breath, proud of your motto the Clef du Clef, and of the drop of blood which brought it.

A CORRECTION DESIRED.—There is a charm, a fascination, in seeing one's name in print that none of us can help feeling, deny it as we will. And we want our names spelled exactly right, too. The average man is not perhaps as anxious about the spelling as the gentleman mentioned below. It may depend on circumstances. He wrote to the editor as follows:—

"IN JAIL, ——, '88.

"MISTER EDITOR,—A piece come out in your paper about me being arrested and put in the jug for stealing a dog and some chickens and getting into a fight. The piece is all right, only you got my name spelled wrong. My name is Jim S. Barlow, and not John L. Harlow as you print it. Please correct and oblige me with six copies of the paper to send away for which I will pay when I git out. Your friend,

"JIM BARLOW."

WHAT THE SPIDER TAUGHT.

BY JOHN W. KIRTON.

IT was a beautiful evening. The birds were busy building their nests, and all Nature seemed full of signs of the approaching summer.

Mrs. Morley had promised her little daughter Anne that as soon as she had finished her lessons she would take her for a nice walk.

Anne had tried to coax her mamma to let her go for the walk first, and do her lessons after; but Mrs. Morley always acted upon the wise rule, "Duty first and pleasure after;" so amid many sighs, and now and then a restless movement, Anne continued her task, inwardly thinking every moment worse than wasted, in her efforts to finish the allotted task. At length she said—

"It is no use trying any more. I am sure I shall never be able to do it;" and she threw down her book, and put aside her slate.

"No use trying? never be able to do it?" replied her mother. "You seem to have settled the matter beyond doubt."

"Yes, mamma. Here I have been trying ever so long to find out where I have made a mistake, and I cannot do it."

"But it does not prove that you cannot do it if you try, my dear."

"But I have tried, and that plainly shows that I am not able," replied Anne with a deep sigh.

"Well, I wouldn't be beaten by a little sum like that," said Mrs. Morley. "I am sure if you will fully give your mind to it, and resolve to find out where you have made the mistake, you will be sure to succeed. Come, let me see if I can find it out."

After looking it over carefully, she added—"I thought so, Anne. It is not so much a matter of difficulty as your own want of giving proper care and thought to it. And as one of the purposes of school lessons is to help you to get into the habit of being careful and thoughtful, I must insist upon your giving your mind to it; and when you have succeeded I will tell you some interesting stories to prove the value of this spirit of perseverance."

Thus encouraged, and finding there was no way of escaping, Anne set to work with a will, and in a short time she was heard to say, with a voice full of joy and satisfaction—

"There, I've done it after all!"

"And all the stronger for doing it as well," added Mrs. Morley, as she began to get ready to go for the promised walk.

They had not gone very far down the green lanes before Mrs. Morley saw stretching across, from one tree to another, a spider's web.

"Look, Anne, here is something which will help you to understand what perseverance can do. See that beautiful spider's web?"

"Yes, mamma; but spiders are such nasty things, I don't like to look at them."

"That arises from want of thought, my dear. For if you did look at them closely you would see so much to admire in them."

"Should I, mamma? And what should I see?"

"Many things. Come a little closer, for these house-spiders are perfectly harmless. They will not hurt. See, as I touch this one with my pencil, how he rolls himself up into a ball, and shams as if he were dead. Then look at this beatiful web he has made. See how regularly he has made the circles, and how the web radiates from the centre. I love to watch a spider constructing one of these beautiful networks; they are so perfect."

"And does it take long to do it, mamma?" asked Anne.

"Sometime; because they are exposed to so many difficulties. Storms and strong winds often destroy their nets, but they go to renew it as soon as the weather allows. A bird sometimes, by its wing catching against it, sweeps away the delicate fabric, but again the spider erects his scaffolding, and spreads his curious web. Even when it is finished, a large bee or a hornet may fly against it, and make a break in its work?"

"To catch his prey, which he devours when he has time."

"What a cruel thing to set his trap to do such a wicked thing."

"Yet after all, my dear, the spider only does what others do. Man kills, and men and women and children eat. Animals largely feed upon one another, by a law which the Creator has given them to supply their hunger."

"But still, mamma, you tell the servant often to sweep down these cobwebs from our rooms."

"Yes, I do, my dear: I generally sigh when I think of the care and skill which they have displayed in making their homes so beautiful."

"But what makes you take so much interest in them, mamma?"

"By learning early in life to look at them when at work. Once, when I was a little child, my father showed me a spider under a microscope—that is a glass to magnify it—I saw it had eight bright little eyes, without lids, and eight feet with claws at the end of them, besides a number of other very wonderful things."

"But, mamma, whatever does such a little thing spin its web out of? It does not seem to have anything to work with."

"But it has! By the microscope we discover that it has a secretion by which it forms a very fine thread, and it is from this that the web is formed. You thus see, my dear, that man, with all his skill, is not able to equal that little thing there, which looks as if it were dead."

"But are they not considered dirty things, mamma?"

"Yes, by those who don't know what they really are. A spider's web is at first white, but it soon gets soiled by the dust. This so annoys the spider that he beats it off the web with his foot. Sometimes he runs over the web, and then he proceeds to sweep the dust into little balls and throw it out of his home."

"Isn't it wonderful?"

"It is. But I have something even more wonderful than that to tell. The spider's love!"

"Love; how funny! But how did you get to know that, mamma?"

"A gentleman who watched their habits found out in this way. The eggs of a spider are contained in a sack of the size of a pea, which is fastened to its body. One day this gentleman threw a spider, with its sack, into the nest of a cruel insect called a lion ant, which hides itself in holes in the sand. The poor mother-spider tried to escape, but could not save its sack. She tried in vain to defend it. The hungry insect seized it. But rather than escape without her young, she remained and perished."

"That is more than some mothers would have done, I'm afraid," said Annie, "if they were in such danger. But have you been able to learn anything else about them?"

"Yes. I have read of many other curious things, and among them these. A lady one day placed a spider in a glass on her mantlepiece, so that she might watch its ways. She noticed, whenever she played on her harp, the spider came to the edge of the glass as if to listen more fully.

Pelisson, it is said, when he was in prison had a spider which he called to him by music.

Oliver Goldsmith also derived some delightful moments by watching the movements of a spider.

King Robert Bruce of Scotland, also, as he lay awake in a barn to which he had fled from his enemies, saw a spider climbing up a beam to the roof. The spider fell, but tried again. It fell once more, but made a third attempt. Twelve times it tried and fell, but at the thirteenth succeeded in gaining the top. The king at once rose from his lowly bed, and said, 'This spider has taught me the value of perseverance. I will follow its example. Twelve times I have been beaten by the enemy. I will try once more.' He did, and won the day."

"Thank you, mamma," said Anne. "Whenever I am disposed to falter I will think of the spider, and of the wonderful skill and great wisdom of God who made it; and instead of shutting my eyes, and allowing silly thoughts to keep me ignorant, I will, like you, seek to learn lessons from all things He has made, feeling sure it will be better thus to study God's works than to neglect or despise them."

"That is right, my dear, and you will then everywhere realise the value of perseverance."

WHAT FIRST PROMPTED IT.—"Do you belong to the society known as the Woman's Suffrage?" asked a farmer of a woman whose appearance might possibly indicate that fact.

"Certainly I do, sir," replied the young lady.

"May I ask what are the real objects of the society?" he asked.

"To promote the welfare of woman and to elevate the sex," she replied.

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

"May I ask what first prompted the organization of such a society?"

"Yes, sir; we have no objection to answering such questions. It was first prompted by the scarcity of husbands."

PERHAPS SO.—A certain smatterer in letters, being at a well-known literary club, took it into his head to abuse with great freedom all the modern literati, observing that there was but very little wit, humor, or learning in the present age. Some time afterwards one of our most popular writers came into the room, when a gentleman told him how his friend had been abusing "the moderns." "I have not the least doubt of his ill-nature," said the author; "he would abuse the ancients, too, if he knew their names."

ENVIOUS YOUNG MAN (speaking of favored rival)—Yes, George is clever and handsome, but he is so abundantly conceited." Sharp Young Lady—"But, Mr. Dumley, if you were handsome and clever would not you be conceited?" (A few moments' reflection, followed by total collapse of Dumley.)

REPENTANCE without amendment is like continual pumping in a ship without stopping the leak.

A YEAR AGO.

BY MYRA.

Just a little year ago,
You were all to me;
Even yet, I scarcely know
How such things can be.

Did you mean it all the time?
Were you false or true?
Is it change of place or clime
That has altered you?

Did you think to love me still?
Did your fancy stray?
Did you change against your will,
When you went away?

Do you still remember this,
Many miles apart?
Ah! you left your careless kiss
Printed on my heart!

Little did my soul divine
That the year would see
Your dear heart, close knit to mine,
Drift away from me.

Yet I dream you brave and true:
Through the mists of pain,
Still I stretch my hands to you
Till we meet again.

Just a little year ago!
Ah! my eyes are wet!
Cruel Love! do you not know
I can ne'er forget?

OPINIONS AND NATIONS.

The French say of other nations hard things: "Cheating as an American, drunken as a Swiss, jealous as a Spaniard, revengeful as a Corsican, quarrelsome as a German, proud as a Scotchman, and cold as a Dutchman."

Another French saying is, "The Italian is wise in time, the German at the time, the Frenchman after time."

In Spain it is said, "The Englishman is a drunkard, the Frenchman a scamp, the Dutchman a butterman, and the Spaniard a cavalier;" and again, "It is best to be born in Italy, to live in France, and to die in Spain."

The Russians say, "Englishmen have their wits at their fingers' ends, Frenchmen at the end of their tongues."

It is said in Poland, "What the Italian invents, the Frenchman makes, the German sells, the Pole buys and the Russians take from him."

The Italians say, "When trouble comes, the German drowns it in drink, the French talk it down, the Spaniard meets it with tears, the Italian goes to sleep till it is past."

The saying of the Emperor Charles V, characterizing the European languages, is well known, but will bear being quoted again: "Pray to God in Spanish, talk to ladies in Italian, chatter French to friends, twitter English with the birds, and swear German at the horses."

The Spaniards say, "The Portuguese are lie-a-beds; the French sit-at-tables; and the Spaniards lounge at-windows."

There is a sneer and real spite in the designation of a rat by a Bohemian as "a German mouse," and by a Slovak of a frog as "a German crab," and of a thistle as "a German rose." So also in Lithuania, a whirlwind is called "a German messenger." No love is implied by the Russian when he talks of foolish laughter as "the giggle of a German over a pancake."

It is said of Poland that it is "the hell of farmers, the paradise of Jews, the purgatory of the middle-class, the gold mine of the stranger, and the heaven of the nobleman."

Dutchmen call the Englishman a *steert man*, that is, a man with a tail, because in 1170, according to the legend, Thomas a Becket had cursed some men in Kent who cut off the the tail of the horse on which he was riding, and ever after the men of Kent wore tails. And because the men of Kent, therefore all Englishmen.

Among the Germans, England is said to be the paradise of women and the purgatory of servants, but a far worse place than that for horses.

About the French say the Italians, "They do not tell what they intend to do, or read what is written, nor sing the notes before them;" and a German says, "A Frenchman is a good acquaintance, but a poor neighbor."

Perhaps the Greeks fare worse in the opinions of those who have to do with them, if we may judge by the sayings concerning them that pass from mouth to mouth. Among the Southern Slav races this is especially the case.

They say, "Three Turks and three Greeks make up six heathen;" and "A crab is not a fish, nor a Greek a true man;" and again, "A Greek speaks the truth once a year;" and once more, "A gypsy cheats a Jew, a Jew a Greek, and a Greek the devil."

The Venetians say, "He who trusts the word of a Greek is more fool than the madman;" even in Normandy the bad repute of the Greek has passed into a proverb, and he who obtains something quite unexpectedly is said to have "got paid by a Greek."

Holland and Flanders have both been places of refuge for bankrupt and fraudulent Frenchmen for a long time, and as such are regarded proverbially in France. "Go to Holland," means, Evade paying your debts. And to say of a man, "He is of Flanders," is the same as saying, "He is a ruined man."

Mynheer Van Dunck, though he never was drunk, sipped brandy and whisky daily—for a Dutchman's beer must be deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee. That we all know, and to drink like a Dutchman is everywhere proverbial.

Of Italians it is said by the French, "Half one is too much in a house;" and the Illyrian says of the Italian what the Englishman and the German say of the Swiss, "He would sell his own father for gold."

The Jew shares with the Greek the prerogative of being the best-abused of all nations, proverbially.

The German says, "The Jew cheats even whilst praying;" and the inhabitant of Lesser Russia, "The Jew did not learn to cheat; he was born with the faculty."

"Rich as a Jew," is said everwhere. "Flies and Jews can never be driven away" is less known."

To build castles in the air is rendered in French, having a castle in Spain. Compliments that mean nothing are called "Spanish coin;" and in Italy, poison is designated euphemistically "Spanish figs," because Spaniards are supposed to poison those they desire to be rid of with fruit in which arsenic has been inserted.

The Swiss is not known proverbially for his patriotism, but for his mercenary nature. "No kreutzer, no Schwitzer," is a common saying in Germany; and the French version is the same.

One evening when a Genevan actress and a Swiss company were performing "William Tell" in Paris, they had an empty house. The actress came forward and said, "I see—the proverb is reversed. To-day it is, No money, plenty of Swiss."

In England they speak of carrying coals to Newcastle when they wish to designate the absurdity of sending something to where there is a superfluity; in Russia they speak of sending snow to Lapland, and in Germany, of despatching deals to Norway. In Holland, when they desire to say that a man is in his element, they describe him as being like a goat in Norway.

Grains of Gold.

Never anger made good guard for itself.

In moderating, not in satisfying desires, lies peace.

Anger is a transient hatred, or at least very like it.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

The road by precepts is tedious; by example, short and efficacious.

One must study to know, know to understand, understand to judge.

Violence in the voice is often only the death-rattle of reason in the throat.

He best keeps from anger who remembers that God is always looking upon him.

Clap an extinguisher on your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it.

Habit, like the ivy of our walls, cements and consolidates that which it cannot destroy.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Labor to purify thy thoughts; if thy thoughts are not ill, neither will thy actions be so.

A dull head thinks of no better way to show himself wise, than by suspecting everything in his way.

The greatest atheists are, indeed, the hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things, but without feeling.

They asked Lokman, the fabulist, From whom did you learn manners? He answered, From the unmannerly.

Wouldst thou learn to die well? learn first to live well. Acknowledge thy benefits by the return of other benefits, but never revenge thy injuries.

Femininities.

A loving maiden grows unconsciously more bold.

Never allude to a dressmaker as Miss Sew-and-sew.

We see time's furrows on another's brow; how few themselves, in that just mirror, see!

Artificial flowers are going out of use in England, and lace is coming in at about an equal ratio.

London authorities report that "the hideous cushion on the back," the bustle, is growing smaller.

A woman who dresses well on a hundred a year says: "I am too poor to buy anything but the very best."

Women are contradictory creatures. When they say they will give you a piece of their mind they will give you no peace.

Monograms are not popular with Chicago ladies. They say it is too much trouble to have them changed every time they get married.

A young lady who teaches school at Clarence, Mich., has among her pupils nine of her own brothers and sisters, ranging in age from 5 to 20 years.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them. Such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift does money—for the purpose of circulation.

Women may usurp the places usually filled by men in business life, but there is one position they will never be able to fill: A woman would be a failure as a husband!

A new theory is that fatness is a nervous disorder, and should be treated by an avoidance of mental and physical fatigue, and a diet of eggs, soup, milk, rice and potatoes.

Wife: "John, you have a very annoying habit of saying, 'What's that?' whenever you are spoken to. Can't you break yourself of it?" Husband, reading: "Er—what's that?"

Reigning belle, to female friends: "Isn't Miss Debutante distressingly plain?" Same reigning belle, to male friends: "Isn't Miss Debutante lovely!" Result—reigning belle popular all round.

Wife, to husband: "I caught Bridget starting the fire this morning with paraffin, John." Husband: "How much do we owe her?" Wife: "Four months' wages." Husband: "Well, let her go on with the paraffin."

A New York society woman had a ball dress made of white satin which had before making been run through the press of one of the great dailies, so that her costume was the news of the day. She won the prize for the most novel costume.

The Grand Duchess Marie Paulovna, wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, intends to give a fancy ball at her palace in St. Petersburg. It is announced that all the ladies are to wear white, while all the men are to be in red.

A well-known violin teacher of Boston says that he finds that girls make as good violinists as young men, and that, were there not so many young men violinists, there would be a demand for young women in opera house and theatre orchestras.

Another is added to the growing list of young grandmothers—Mrs. Clarissa Jackson, colored, of Delaware township, Ohio. She is 28 years old, and became a grandmother by the recent birth of a child to her daughter. The latter is aged 12 years.

Grandfather Totter, to aged wife: "I was a tellin' the minister yistiday, Mirandy, thet you'll be 82 years old to-morrer." Grandma Mirandy, indignantly: "Well, ye had no right to say no such thing, John Totter; I'll only be 81. Ye ought to be more keerful."

A unique coverlet, called an "autograph quilt," was recently presented to the Soldiers' Home at Richmond, Va. It was made of 200 pieces, each of which bears the autograph of some notable person. Among the names are those of President Cleveland and Governor Lee.

Miss Smiley Pressley was recently married to Mr. James Spittle, of Matthews, N. C. The bride is not quite 12 years old, and her mother consented to the marriage on condition that the bridegroom continue to send her to school. Of course he agreed to this, and the child became his wife.

A most remarkable case of triplets is reported from Sumpter county, S. C. The wife of Aleck Johnson, a farmer, gave birth to a child. The following day she became the mother of a second baby, and 2 days after still another arrived. At last accounts the three babies and their mother were doing well.

Two girls sat in a car a few evenings ago. "We won't have to ride in them kind of cars any more, after a while," said one; "we're going to have electric cars here." "Is that so?" queried No. 2. "How do they go, by steam or by smoke?" "I don't know," replied No. 1; "but I think they go by smoke."

Mrs. Hamilton, living near Greenville, Mich., proved herself a courageous woman the other night. Hearing noises, she sprang from her bed, and in a moment she was face to face with a burglar. She carried a club, and by its vigorous use on the intruder's head, put him to flight, together with a chum, who stood on watch at the gate.

One of the most unique of the many private dinners given this season in New York took place lately. On the plate of each guest and attached to the menu was a beautiful ring with an emerald stone, set in diamonds. The rings cost $100, and as there were 8 guests, the menus, with their novel attachments, must have cost over $800.

A big dry goods house in New York city has arranged that all its women clerks shall appear in their places in the store dressed in black. The firm has furnished the material for the dresses, and the style of each will be left to the wearer. The clerks are satisfied with the arrangement. The idea of the firm is to have them dressed uniformly and neatly. The material of the dresses will be black cashmere of fine quality.

Masculinities.

Many a husband would be less gloomily religious if his wife were a better cook.

President Cleveland carries a photograph of Mrs. Cleveland in the case of his watch.

Many a man who prides himself on being self-made is simply a product of his good wife.

One who seems to know says there are 172 species of creatures that are blind—in addition to lovers.

There is such a thing as ingrained dishonesty. A man has been found who plays solitaire and cheats.

Stop before you taint your lips with the wine glass, which will bring sorrow, disgrace and ruin upon you.

Stop before you use the name of God in vain or pollute the heart with evil communications and associations.

The founder of the Adams Express Company, Alvin Adams, started his career as an office boy in a Boston hotel.

Never forget what a man has said to you when he was angry. If he has charged you with anything, you had better look it up.

Guest: "Is this Mr. Smith's house?" Family butler, hired for the occasion: "I don't know, sir; but it's 3900 Beacon street."

When a felon first begins to make its appearance take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in, and the longer it is kept there the better.

A married man in Wisconsin when put upon the witness stand said he did not know his wife's given name. He always called her "Ma."

The greatest misfortune of the English working classes, in the opinion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is their custom of early marriages.

He is a miserable person whose good is the evil of his neighbor; and he that revenges in many cases does worse than he that did the injury.

Bobby, thoughtfully: "Pa!" Father, irascible: "Ya'as, ya'as; what is it?" Bobby: "Do you think I'll be as cross as you are when I grow up?"

Young wife: "John, mother says she wants to be cremated." Young husband: "Tell her if she'll get on her things I'll take her down this morning."

There is a young man in a Western city who asserts that he lives on $2.50 a week. This is a great deal better than living on his folks, as so many young men do.

A hairdresser declares that, six hundred years hence, man will be born bald and continue so. He says this was the condition in which Adam was in the Garden of Eden.

Oscar Wilde had his dining-room and all the furniture in it painted white, for the reason that "dead white is the only background against which a man looks picturesque in evening dress."

Although a woman can't throw a stone, or sharpen a pencil, or climb a tree, she can sit on her feet in cold weather, and that's something a man can't do to save his blessed supercilious neck.

Viscount Canterbury, an English peer, who has just gone through the bankruptcy court, is endeavoring to earn his living by dining with unfashionable people and receiving a fee for his attendance.

A novel marriage occurred in Chipley on the night of the 24, John Wright and Laura Satterwhite were united in marriage at 10:30 o'clock at night under the light of the street lamp between the hotel and the depot.

The valet custom in England extends even to the poor lodging-houses or workingmen's homes. In all these common houses there are men who, for a copper or so a week, black the boots, cook the supper and run errands for the aristocrats among the lodgers.

An escaped convict from the Michigan penitentiary learned that a reward was offered for his capture. He induced his poverty-stricken wife to "capture" him, deliver him up and get the reward. When this was done the convict was happier than he had been for years.

There is a joke at the expense of a New York society youth of more income than education, who sent a basket of roses to one of Vanity Fair's queens who sailed for Europe last Saturday, with his card, on which was written: "Will meet you in Paris in April. Adew!"

An aged preacher of Middletown, Connecticut, claims to have travelled 74,000 miles, preached over 4300 sermons, performed the marriage ceremony 691times, the baptismal 1253 times, and delivered 338 funeral discourses. The largest sum he ever received for a year's labor was $300.

An Eastern Massachusetts man, who absconded with $40,000 belonging to his father-in-law, was one of a party who afterwards had their picture taken in a Nebraska town by a wandering photographer. The latter drifted on to Chicago, was arrested for a trifling offence, and on his effects being examined a detective at once recognized the fugitive embezzler among the photographed group. His arrest followed.

A western journal claims at last to have found the real cause of baldness: "It is the wool hat first worn when Kossuth first came to the United States, and which was never fit for a man to put on his head. It is hot and air-tight, causes headache and loss of hair. The 'plug hat' is airy, and its roof is so high that the action of the sun is not apt to immediately affect the brain. It is the most sensible hat yet invented, unless it be a straw hat for summer."

Grover Cleveland is the only clergyman's son who has ever been elected president, though Arthur's father was a clergyman. He was not, however, elected president. The fathers of the Virginia presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe—were planters. John Tyler's father was a lawyer, and so was John Adams, the father of John Quincy Adams. Grant's father was a tanner, Hayes' father a merchant, and the fathers of Garfield, Lincoln, Pierce, Fillmore, Polk, Van Buren and Jackson were farmers.

Recent Book Issues.

The novels in Ticknor's Paper Series are good. The latest volume is "The Led-Horse Claim," of Mary Hallock Foote. For some years past, Mrs. Foote has dwelt in the territory of Idaho, and her two stories (of which this is one) written during that period have been peculiarly rich in the local color of the Rocky Mountains, and their picturesque forms of life, dialect, and customs. The author views the vast and magnificent mountain crown of the continent with the quick and appreciative eyes of an accomplished artist, and alternates wonderful bits of word-painting with vigorous and impressive and dramatic incidents. Price 50 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery for April is out, and is one of the prettiest numbers of this baby magazine that has yet been issued by the Russel Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield street, Boston.

St. Nicholas for April is an excellent number of this peerless juvenile magazine. Among the many contributions are "What Makes it Rain?" by George P. Merrill; "Child Sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Magruder; "The Tables Turned," a wolf story; "Truxton's Siege," a story by the late Louisa M. Alcott; "The Wreck of the Lizzie J. Clark," illustrated from photographs; instalments of the serials, and many others sketches, poems, etc., with an abundance of good pictures. The Letter Box and Riddle Box are full of entertaining things. The Century Co., New York.

The *Wide Awake* for April has a seasonable frontispiece entitled "Easter Lilies," and facing it is a poem entitled "An Easter Text." Susan Coolidge contributes the first story, "Two Girls—Two Parties," from which young girls will draw a wholesome lesson. Eleanor Lewes has a most interesting sketch entitled "Two Painters and Their Pets," devoted to Landseer and Rosa Bonheur, and illustrated with six pictures of six famous paintings. An article especially entertaining to young people is Susan Archer Weiss' "Ballads of London Bridge." Julia K. Hildreth tells in a neat manner the experience of the doctor's little boy and girl with an escaped menagerie lion. There are several pretty poems and entertaining instalments of Sidney Luska's and Mrs. Sherwood's serial stories, with the usual timely articles. The number is especially fine in its illustrations. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The *Magazine of American History* for April has several excellent Washington articles illustrated by portraits never before published. "The Acquisition of Florida" is a very ably written article by our Minister to Spain. Professor A. G. Hopkins contributes "Between Albany and Buffalo," a delightful description of the early methods of transportation and travel in New York. A. W. Clason writes very cleverly on the "Fallacy of 1860." A bright picture from the dairy of Rev. Manasseh Cutler is entitled, "Church-going in New York City in 1787." Mrs. Alice D. Le Plongeon furnishes an instructive account of "The Conquest of the Mayas" in Yucatan. A curiously entertaining contribution is "An Englishman's Pocket Note book in 1823." Andrew D. Millick, jr., writes of "The Militia of New Jersey in the Revolution," and Professor Oliver P. Hubbard draws a striking picture of the "Harmony of History." The editorial and other departments abound in good matter. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

SWEETHEARTS.—Young ladies in Vienna, it is said, wear their initials worked in silk and gold on the front of their jackets. "Young ladies who are engaged," it is pointed out by the correspondent who sends this important news, "may wear other initials than their own." Presumably it is meant that they may wear the initials of the favored suitor. This is a very useful custom. It is not always easy for a girl who is engaged to signify that fact to the world at large, and in particular to those young gentlemen who are anxious to press their attentions upon her. The Austrian fashion will leave no room for doubt or embarrassment. A man has only to decipher the monogram on his partner's corsage, and he knows at once whether or not she is one of the "young ladies who are engaged." Perhaps a further improvement may be suggested. In the case of a young lady who is not engaged, might not the monogram be supplemented by a neat and artistic cypher, indicating approximately the amount of the girl's means.

On returning to her home in Canann, N Y., after a month's absence, during which the house had been closed, a Mrs. Morgan found the dead body of a man stretched on the sofa in the parlor. It is supposed that the unfortunate was a tramp who entered the house during the March blizzard, and, afterwards died from the effects of the cold.

Important to All Who Work

for a living. Write to Hallett and Co., Portland, Maine, and they will send you full information, free, showing you how you can make from $5 to $25 and upwards a day and live at home, wherever you are located. Some have made over $50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All ages; both sexes. All is new. Great incomes sure from the start. Fortunes await all workers who begin at once.

THE LEFT HAND.—The following "Petition of the Left Hand" is stated to be a translation of an article written in a French almanac in 1787:

"I take the liberty of addressing myself to all the friends of youth, and to beseech them to have compassion upon my misfortune, and to help me to conquer the prejudice of which I am the innocent victim.

"I am one of twin sisters of our family. The two eyes in the head do not resemble each other more completely than I and my own sister do. My sister and I could perfectly agree together if it were not for the partiality of our parents, who favor her, to my great humiliation.

"From my infancy I was taught to look upon my sister as if she were of a higher rank than I. My parents allowed me to grow up without any instruction, while they did not spare any cost on the education of my sister. She had professors of writing, drawing, music, and other useful and ornamental performances; but if I happened to touch a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was severely reprimanded, and more than once I was even beaten for being clumsy.

"It is true that my sister likes my company and does not despise my co-operation occasionally, but always claims superiority, and only calls upon me when she needs my assistance.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I don't believe that my complaints are dictated by vanity. Oh, no! they have a more serious basis. My sister and I are charged by our parents with the work of procuring the necessities of life. Now, if some sickness should befall my sister and make her unable to work (and I tell you in confidence, my sister is subject to rheumatism, cramp, gout, and many other ailments), what will become of our family? Alas! we shall perish in misery, for I shall not be able even to draw up a supplication for obtaining charity. Even for this present petition I have been obliged to use a stranger's hand.

"Oh how my parents will regret having established such an unjust distinction between two sisters who resemble each other so nearly! Will you be so kind, ladies and gentlemen, as to make my parents realize how unjust it is to be so partial in their treatment of their children, and how necessary it is for them to bestow their care and affection upon their offspring in equal measure?

"I am, ladies and gentlemen, with the greatest respect, your most humble servant, THE LEFT HAND."

SEEKING THE TALISMAN.—There is an Eastern story, which has its version in many languages, of a beautiful damsel, to whom a genius of surpassing power desired to give a talisman. He enjoined her to take herself across a field of standing corn; she was to pluck the tallest and largest ear she could find, but she was to gather it as she went forward, and never pause in her path, or step backward in search of her object. In proportion to the size and richness of the ear she gathered, so would be its power as a talisman.

She went out upon her quest, says the legend, and entered the field. Many a tall stalk of surpassing excellence met her glance, but she still walked onward, expecting always to find one more excellent, till at last she reached a portion of the field where the crops were thinner and the ears more stunted.

She regretted the tall and graceful stalks she had left behind, but disdained to pick those which fell so far below what her ideas were of a perfect ear. But, alas! the stems grew more ragged and more scanty as she trod onward.

On the margin of the field they were mildewed, and when she had accomplished her walking through the waving grain, she arrived on the other side without having gathered any ear whatever. The genius rebuked her for her folly, but we are not told that he gave her an opportunity of retrieving her error. We may apply this mystic little fable to the realities of daily life.

ON ENCOURAGEMENT.—There are times when we surely need a word of sympathy—when all brave men and women are the better for it! Little by little the load is increased: in the same way it may likewise be lessened. Encouragement possesses a marvellous vein of recreating power: wisely administered, it counteracts disheartening influences which a sense of baffled pains and repeated failures tends to induce; by aid of the cheery, kindly word one is enabled to pull oneself up again, and to go on with renewed efforts.

STYLES IN CANES.—A dealer in walking sticks in New York says that the younger "men about town" are adopting the custom of carrying canes of altogether different shapes and weights in winter from those which they affect in summer. The winter walking-stick should be heavy and stout, a support on slippery days, and in keeping with cape-coats and other ponderous protections against the weather.

Most canes last winter had handles three to four inches long, of horn, silver or silver plating. Lighter sticks, all of wood polished at the handles, have come in for milder weather. Many canes, too, are now made straight, with silver or fancy tips, odd-shaped knobs of bone, ivory and different colored hard woods. Silver heads are at a discount now because of the cheap plate imitations with which unscrupulous makers have flooded the market.

EDUCATION should be a training of all the faculties to detect their own needs and grasp their proper sustenance, not only in youth, but throughout life.

WHAT is the difference between the bark of a tree and the bark of a dog? One is formed on the bough and the other of the bow wow.

READ not to contradict and refute, or to believe and take for granted, or to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

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The above illustration is a half size, *fac simile* of the Clock. Its full dimensions are: 2½ inches high, not including ring; Bevel Plate-glass covering Dial, 2 inches in diameter. Nickel body from front to back, 2 inches. It is wound by simply turning the back, and regulated from beneath. It is perfectly dust and damp proof, and cannot possibly get out of order except through actual violence.

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Right Here in Pennsylvania.

What Your Friends and Neighbors Say on a Matter of Vital Importance.

Below will be found a sample of the multitude of letters of encouragement Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., daily receive. The subjoined unsolicited testimonials are from your friends and neighbors, ladies and gentlemen you know and esteem for their honor and straightforwardness, and who would scorn to be a party to any deception. What has been done for others can be done for you, and it is folly, nay suicidal, to longer suffer when the means of recovery lie at your very door:

WEST PHILADELPHIA, (3738 Centre St.) Jan. 1st, 1888.—My grandmother suffered ten years with kidney disease and irritation of the bladder. She could not walk straight nor could she sleep ten minutes at a time. She had several doctors, but they all failed to give her relief. She took "Warner's Safe Cure"—six bottles in all—together with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills" and was cured. This was four years ago and she has been well ever since. Her name is Mrs. Mary Evans, No. 3738 Centre street, West Philadelphia, Pa. All of my relatives as well as myself take "Warner's Safe Cure." I recommend it to all of my friends.

Thomas Moore

WEST PHILADELPHIA, Pa., (832 N. 52d St.), Dec. 7th, 1887.—I can most positively testify to the merits of "Warner's Safe Remedies." I suffered and was pronounced incurable by prominent physicians. As a last resort, and without faith, I commenced using "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Tippecanoe" with most surprising results. Details would be revolting—it was one of the severest cases on record. I will gladly reply to any letter and will give particulars. I hope this statement will be the means of influencing some one to employ the same means for their recovery.

M. E. Baldwin

CHESTER, Pa., (710 Hinkson St.), Jan. 16th, 1888.—I have been cured by the use of "Warner's Safe Cure" of a very severe form of kidney disorder attended with excruciating pain so that I was unable to be on my feet for any length of time without the most unbearable pain. I think "Warner's Safe Cure" has saved my life.

Mrs Martha Boyd

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 14, 1887.—I have used half a dozen bottles of "Warner's Safe Cure" and have been greatly benefitted by it, and no other medicine can take its place.

Samuel E. Acker.

DALLASTOWN, Pa., Dec. 12, 1887.—"Warner's Safe Remedies" are well recommended, and I know myself that they have given me, as well as other people, great relief.

James K. Gayler.

STARRUCCA, Wayne Co., Pa., Jan. 23, 1888.—I have taken a great many bottles of "Warner's Safe Cure," and can recommend it as the best medicine I have ever taken. "Warner's Safe Cure" has done me much good.

George H. Gay.

Humorous.

THE BACHELOR'S LOVE.

Because you are young and romantic,
You wonder I have not a wife,
And you hint at an episode frantic,
A chapter of love in my life.

I have floated far down on time's river,
And yet I confess not a dart
By Cupid let fly from his quiver
Has hit my phlegmatic old heart.

Incredulous being to doubt it!
Well, have it your way if you will.
You are right. Ask me no more about it.
Enough, that I loved—love her still.

She is not a beautiful creature,
But she has a beautiful soul;
And its grace, shining out in each feature,
Transforms and illumines the whole.

"Why not marry her, then? It is clearly
Sheer folly such feeling to smother."
I shall love her for ever sincerely,
But, man—can I marry—my mother?

—U. N. NONE.

A taking fellow—The photographer.

A son net—Your neighbor's daughter.

A noose paper—A marriage certificate.

Paradoxical—A man always feels put out when he is taken in.

Practical pickpockets and true philosophers take things easy.

The people most sought after are those who do not pay their debts.

The policeman who never arrests anybody but little boys might be called a variety of collarer infantum.

In the West. She: "Did you ever see a finer sunset than that in the East?" He: "No; the sun never sets in the east."

It is a wise and thoughtful dispensation of Providence that when one suffers loss of mind he is the last to mind the loss.

He who courts and goes away may live to court another day; but he who weds and courts girls still, may get in court against his will.

"Shall I hereafter darn your stockings?" is said to be the fashionable language for a young lady to use when making a leap-year proposal.

When a distinguished gentleman heard that a person had died worth a million of money, he observed: "Well, that's quite a pretty sum to begin the next world with."

He: "Why are you so quiet this evening, Miss De Jones?" She: "The company is so intellectual that I thought I'd better be silent." "How sensible of you."

"Did it rain!" exclaimed the Western man, in the course of a thrilling recital of border life. "Why, it rained so hard that afternoon that the water stood three feet on a slant roof."

Apparent customer, inquiringly: "Got any clean collars and cuffs, Solomon?" Solomon, eagerly: "Plenty, my friendt, plenty." Apparent customer, coolly: "Then why don't you wear some?"

Miss McFlurry opened a letter the other day and read at the beginning, "Burn at once." She did so, and is now raking among the cinders for some trace of the contents, or even the writer's signature.

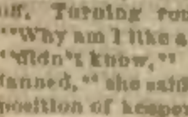
Solomon might have spoken a little emphatically had he said: "Go to the oyster, thou sluggard." An able-bodied female oyster thinks producing 9,000,000 eggs is only a fair season's work, when she is feeling well.

Isn't it good for a man to be alone? Just try to shave and have your eldest male offspring playing round your ankles with a piece of string, and the second one asking you to draw an elephant on the dressing-table with a nail, and then see!

At a dance party the other evening, Nelly, after a delightful waltz, being of course very warm, her partner devoted himself to cooling her off. Turning round and facing him, she asked: "Why am I like a certain animal in the Zoo?" He "didn't know," he said. "Why, I'm a Nelly-fanned," she said. He immediately asked for the position of keeper, and their engagement has since been announced.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, as he concluded his charge, "if the evidence shows in your minds that pneumonia, even indirectly, was the cause of the man's death, the prisoner can not be convicted." An hour later a messenger came from the jury-room. "The gentlemen of the jury, your Honor," he said, "desire information." "On what point of evidence?" "None, your Honor; they want to know how to spell pneumonia."

Omaha dame: "You have lived in the West many years, you say?" Domestic: "Yes, ma'am; I crossed the plains with a family many years ago and was captured by Indians. They was a lazy lot o' vagabonds and made me do all the cooking for 'em." "Dear me! How did you escape?" "I didn't escape, ma'am, as long as there was one of the tribe alive, but at last there was none left, and I got away." "Were they killed by the soldiers?" "No, ma'am; the greasy doctor, in whose family I worked afterward, said as how he thought they died of dyspepsia."



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HOMEOPATHIC
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In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

INTELLECTUAL LABOR AND LIFE.—Among artists, Michel Angelo lived to be 90, Sir Christopher Wren to be 91. Titian is said to have been engaged in painting a picture now in the Academy at Venice when he was cut off by the plague at 99 years of age.

Conrad Roepel, of the Hague, who lived to 100, and Ingres to 86, Tintoretti 82, Claude Lorraine 82, Greuze 79, David 77, Turner 76, Horace Vernet 73, Lebrun 71, Poussin, 71, are instances not only of greatness in art, but greatness in enduring vitality.

If we take poets, we find that Rogers lived to be 93; Sophocles, 90; Calderon, 87; Juvenal, 80; Anacreon, 85; Voltaire, 84; Metastasio, 84; Euripides, 78; Goethe, 83; Klopstock, 79; Wieland, 80; Lamartine, 78; Beranger, 77, and Victor Hugo, 80.

If we turn to philosophers and men of science we find among our contemporaries M. Chevreul, the French philosopher and chemist, who, on the evening of his 100th birthday occupied the President's box at the opera; and if we look into the past, we find the names of Fontenelle, who died at 100; Hoyle, (who wrote the treatise on whist), at 93; Hobbes, at 92; Cousin at 76; and, greatest of all, Plato at 82; and among great composers, Auber died at 88, Cherubini at 82, Rossini, 77; Haydn, 77; Gluck, 73, and Meyerbeer, 72.

What a stupendous amount of brain work, and brain work of the highest kind, is represented by these names, all of whom exceeded the allotted threescore years and 10, but who are lost sight of in the delusive method of averages!

Of the longevity of judges and dignitaries of the church, who also represent a great amount of useful brain work, evidence has already been given. We are, therefore, fully justified in concluding that there is nothing in intellectual labor, detrimental to long life.

A BUSY MINISTER.—First Dame—"How do you like your new minister?"

Second Dame—"Well, he never shirks his pastoral duties. I can say that for him. He attended sixteen funerals and seventeen private christenings last week."

"He did?"

"Yes, and he was present at all the mite societies, church sociables, class meetings, etc., besides being at six evening parties given by members of the congregation. His wife told me he had not been in his own house half an hour a day except at meal time, and the evening entertainments and bedside visiting had kept him up so late that he only got about four night's sleep."

"How noble! He must be a treasure of a minister."

"Yes, in that respect we don't complain, but most of us are dissatisfied with him, and I think we will make a change very soon."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, he preaches such poor sermons."

PURPOSE IN LIFE.—Purpose ennobles everything, and the man or woman who has worthy purposes in life finds nothing that they demand which is trivial or menial. Take domestic life, made up as it is of numberless little things all demanding attention.

There are some men so shallow and unphilosophical as to deem the management of a family an easy and trivial occupation that anybody could succeed in. As they leave their own cares, and come to their own homes for rest and leisure, they imagine that the life of those who preside over them and make them what they are must be all rest and leisure.

On the contrary, it is only as the wife and mother is thoughtful and large-hearted enough to realize the grand purposes of home life, and to direct all efforts to subserve those purposes, that she can gather up its thousand details and to give each one its due proportion of attention.

AS A "DOOR-NAIL."—It is astonishing how much of the language which we are accustomed to regard as slang is not slang at all, but is English of the best kind, and may even be found in Shakespeare. This is true, for example of the expressions "dead as a door-nail," "selling for a song," "comb your hair with a three-legged stool," "getting even," "that's flat," "mum" (meaning "silence"), "row of pins," (as an appreciation of value), "milksop," "send one packing," "sold" (meaning "disappointed"), "Greek to me" (meaning "unintelligible"), and hosts of others. The real meaning of ancient slang is not now, however, always quite obvious. "Dead as a doornail," for instance, may not at first sight convey much to the reader; but when it is known that a "door-nail" is the piece of metal upon which a knocker strikes, the appropriateness of the phrase becomes apparent.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

During the changeable weather of early spring, when the heat of one day is but a bad preparation for the cold of the next, a variety of chapeaux is as desirable as a change of mantles.

A chapeaux in a light color, or with bright ornaments of spring flowers, cannot well be worn with the warm winter mantle which a cold wind renders necessary, hence, side by side with the straw hats and bonnets that are suitable for warm days, are velvet chapeaux that may be worn when easterly winds prevail.

A combination of velvet and straw seems a happy medium between the winter and spring models, and is both stylish and fashionable. The chapeaux made in this way have a low, flat crown covered with velvet stretched on the frame, and a brim of fancy black and white straw, wide and advancing in front, but very narrow at the back.

The brim is lined with velvet matching the crown, and the strings, which start from the back, are also of velvet. The trimming, of bows of straw-colored ribbon and feather tips matching the velvet, is massed in front. This bonnet is very pretty in black and straw-color, a combination that is very fashionable this season.

In bonnets the prevailing shapes are the Directoire, with great variety in the width, pitch, and shape of the brim, and small capotes with a sharp-pointed opening in front. These last are ladylike in black lace, with a group of roses on one side reaching to the top of the point; but they are also made in many kinds of fancy straw, and in braid embroidered with beads and mixed with gold or silver braid.

The open brim, especially in the case of Directoire chapeaux, is filled in with a bow or flower, and the newest ribbons are of satin, with a band of moire in a second color on one side, and an edging of two or three satin cords in straight rows.

Straw hats are made with high crowns, and brims straight and wide in front, but narrow at the back. The trimming of shot ribbon begins at the back, and advances towards the front on one side. Quill feathers are still much used, mingled with the long bows of ribbon.

The demi-saison vetements that are the forerunners of summer mantles are either in jacket form, or else some description of pelerine manteiet, trimmed with feather bands, or with fringe matching the dress. Many of the jackets and manteiets are made with hoods, and the majority are lined with colored silk or surah.

A very pretty little mantle, with pointed manteiet ends, sling sleeves and plain basque at the back, is made of velvet and brocbe pekin, with beaded passementerie clasps at the neck, and pendants to match on the manteiet ends.

Another small demi-saison model is in light cloth, with embroidered designs worked on the pointed ends in front, on the shoulders and turned-under sleeves, on the back, collar, and looped basque. The back of this manteiet is cut with three seams to the shoulders; the two centre parts end in a point below the waist; the sides are much longer, and terminate in loops falling considerably lower than the point, and embroidered on the upper part.

Colored mantles will be much worn; indeed, the best models are all in colors, velvet pekins for the most expensive, and colored cloth for the more every-day mantles, are the rule.

A very elegant long mantle is of beige cloth lined with red silk, and trimmed round the neck and sleeves with bands of peacocks' feathers. The only ornaments are small green buttons, put very close together, and joined by loops of green cord on the side seams. The mantle is intended for carriage wear only.

Jackets are made of plain and fancy-colored cloth, tight-fitting and with plain round basques; a simple bold design in braiding is carried down the fronts and round the edge, and down the front part of the sleeves. Filigree braids in gold and steel, and silk and metal cords, are very much used for this kind of braiding on tight-fitting jackets, and on those which are made with straight open fronts over a pleated velvet or faille waistcoat, falling in straight folds from the neck to the edge of the jacket.

A good many of the new models have half-loose sleeves, a mode that will not be unwelcome to those who are weary of the struggle to draw a tight-sleeved jacket over a woolen dress.

For walking costumes plain-colored, thin cloths continue very fashionable, but the skirt, for better dresses, is usually made of silk or peau de soie trimmed at the edge with flounces or ruches of silk. A good model is in old rose; the plain fourreau skirt of peau de soie is bordered with a wide band of ruches of the same. The old-rose cloth tunic falls straight on the left side and in front, but is draped in a coquille far back on the right side. The whole of the edge and the left side as far as the knees are richly embroidered with silk mixed with silver braid; a long pointed panier on the right side and the long puffed back drapery are untrimmed, but the panier is connected with the front of the tunic by two rosettes of old-rose ribbon.

The short-waisted corsage is plain at the back, but the full fronts are widely open at the shoulders and chest, where the draperies are fastened back by bows of ribbon, and crossed at the waist over a plastron embroidered with silk and silver; the collar is also embroidered, and the sleeves are draped at the wrist over embroidered under-sleeves, and ornamented with bows. The ribbon waistband is tied with long loops and ends on the right side.

Most of the cloth costumes now being made are, however, in quieter shades, as they are intended chiefly for outdoor wear, walking, shopping, etc.

All shades of gray, beige, and light brown, together with green and blue, are fashionable. Braiding is used, or the dresses are trimmed with the detachedu passementerie ornaments, often very handsome and rich, which are employed for holding up the folds of draperies, or for the cords used for the same purpose. The tunic is either hemmed or pinked out at the edge, and the corsage is ornamented with brandenburghs or frogs and epaulets, to correspond with the trimmings on the skirt.

The great object in draping skirts now is to preserve a straight line, without giving the appearance of stiffness and rigidity which a straight line generally involves. It is by no means an easy matter to combine the two effects of straight folds and draperies, and many are the ingenious devices resorted to by dressmakers to find a solution of the problem.

The usual way is to make the dress more or less in redingote form, showing a portion of the skirt beneath ornamented with draperies. Much, however, depends on the nature of the material, its color, and the garnitures that are to be used.

In a rich costume of gray velvet, faille, and pekin to match, the velvet redingote opens in front over a fan-pleated skirt of faille, and a portion of the pekin skirt is disclosed between the panels and the puffed back drapery, below the square basque which finishes the redingote at the sides. This short basque is bordered with gold braid, and the skirt is partially veiled by an extremely rich network in gold and silk passementerie, with a drop fringe to match, edging the redingote, which is fastened with silk and gold brandenburghs over a pekin waistcoat.

In another good model, as in velvet, the left side of the redingote is fastened diagonally from the shoulder to the right hip, and the skirt is turned back in the form of a large revers of brocade, caught up far back on the left hip with a beaded passementerie ornament. A similar ornament fastens the redingote on the right side of the waist, and the small pointed plastron is also covered with passementerie. This model is very handsome in dark-green velvet, with the brocade revers in shade of green, and the passementerie ornaments in shaded green and oxidized silver beads.

Round the opening and edges, and up the outer side of the revers, is a border of shaded-green hackle feathers. The skirt, seen in front and at the edge, is of green faille, pleated and crossed in front by a diagonally draped tunic.

Odds and Ends.

IN THE WAY OF FANCY WORK.

Many ladies have very deft fingers in fancy work, and a large majority even of those who are busy during the day want some light, pretty occupation for an hour or two during the evening.

The art of stocking knitting has revived among us of late years, and brothers, husbands, and lovers are not insensible to the merits of socks nicely knitted by fair hands that are adepts in "turning the heel," making deep and well-ribbed "tops," and roomy, comfortable "toes."

Warm mittens to be worn in cold weather over driving gloves are also easily knitted, and really serviceable. Knee-caps are small items that take but little or time, but they are great comforts to old and rheumatic persons.

Small eider-down quilts or rather imitations of them, which answer the same purpose, are easily made with materials which most people have at hand, and yet are small and unobtrusive pieces of work until it comes to the final sewing together. Choose two harmonising or contrasting colors of silk or sateen, unless you have a quantity of pieces of silk by you, and cut them in pieces rather more than three inches square, to allow for turnings. Run them round three sides, so as to form little bags, turn inside out, and turn down the remaining edges. When enough are ready to make it worth while to fill them, do so, either with stripped feathers or cuttings of wool, or finely-shred list from flannel, and tack the edges together. When all are ready, sew them together, placing each square cornerwise, or diamond fashion, and arranging the colors according to taste.

This is a very good way of utilizing feathers for those who kill their own poultry, but do not care to store the feathers till there are enough of them to make a bed or pillows. A coverlet made in this way is neat and pretty on both sides, and scarcely capable of getting out of order if strongly sewn.

The rush hats may be made into very natty work-baskets if lined with Persian or sarcenet, and the corners caught together with bows of ribbon. If handles are wished for, they are generally made of common box-cord, with colored silk or wool twisted over, so as to form a succession of X's.

It is really wonderful what fantastic and pretty shapes these hat baskets can be made to assume; and the windows of shops just now are full of them, very tastefully decorated, and at prices that must be remunerative to the sellers thereof.

Young ladies who have any skill in painting can make a great many decorative articles for presents, such as small screens of three or four wooden panels, little tables, milking-stools, "medicine cupboards," as they are called, and such like trifles.

Home-made caps and fichus are very nice presents, and lace and ribbon of much better quality can be employed in them when made at home than are to be had in bought ones, which cost considerably more.

Sets of the ribbon bows now so much worn in the necks and sleeves of dresses are also easily put together, and come as a pleasant little surprise, especially to people who have not much time to spend on their own adornment.

Palm-leaf fans are easily decorated with ribbons, and are most useful in a drawing or dining-room to use as hand fire-screens. Round wire shapes with twisted handles, covered with black or white tulle or Madras muslin, with a pretty spray of small flowers in the centre, or a rosette of ribbon, and the handle covered with twisted ribbon finished off with a couple of streamers, are welcome to girls who go to many dances. A black one or a white one is sure to come in, and perhaps take the place pro tem. of a costly fan that may have been lost or broken.

Dwellers in country places, who can collect brown fir cones and oak-apples, can, by the aid of a little strong wire, a pair of nippers, and a dexterous pair of hands, make rustic baskets, the bottoms of which should be small rounds of tin with holes punched near the edge.

The baskets when made should have a slight lining of moss, and then, if a pot of dwarf tulips or Roman hyacinths is turned out into them, the mould will not come through.

Dainty little aprons of lace and muslin, which transform a plain winter dress into something like a semblance of smartness of home evenings, are very easily made, and always received with pleasure.

Pillow shams of drawn linen or of white Java canvas, fringed out, and worked Russian fashion in cross-stitch with blue or red ingrain cotton, are easily made, and so are toilet-covers, for which a coarse pillow lace made of knitting cotton in a torchon pattern is the best finish.

SWEET GIRL—"And do you really stand and watch my window every night before you go home, George, dear?" George—"I have been doing so, my love, but I shan't any more." Sweet Girl (anxiously)—"Don't you love me as much as ever?" George—"Oh, yes; but last night a policeman thought I was a burglar, and he took me to the station house."

EMPEROR WILLIAM was chivalrous towards woman of all degrees. He kissed the hands of ladies who were of his circle when he met them in private, and like Louis XIV, he would stand aside to let a housemaid go past him.

Confidential Correspondents.

RICARDOS.—To avoid dreaming at night you had better knock off suppers, keep good hours, sleep on a mattress on your side, and take an occasional aperient. Avoid the perusal of exciting literature before retiring to rest.

NERVELESS.—Break yourself of the habit of taking sal volatile at once. It is one that is to be deprecated for many reasons. It is simply a form of dram-drinking. It contains a powerful alkali in an alcoholic form, and, though valuable as a medicine, its continual use would be likely to be followed by the worst consequences.

CRESCENT.—The game of draughts or checkers is known to be of very great antiquity, for in Egypt, as appears from the monumental paintings, it was a common amusement 2,000 B.C. Homer describes the suitors of Penelope as whiling away their time with draughts. The game made its appearance in Europe only three or four centuries ago.

HINDLE.—Gilt frames may be cleaned by wiping them with a sponge which has been dipped in hot spirits of wine or oil of turpentine. The sponge should not be made too wet, but sufficiently damp to remove the dirt or fly marks which may be on the frames. They should be left to dry of themselves, and not wiped with a cloth.

STANSFIELD.—Goldfish need great care, as they are very susceptible, and should be kept from any loud noise, strong smell, violent—or even slight—shaking of their globe. Any one of these is sufficient to cause their death. Fresh river water should be given to them every day, and small worms common to the water suffice for their food in general.

A. M. L.—The air from our lungs compared with air at the same temperature, pressure, and moisture is slightly heavier. It is however lighter than the cold air that usually surrounds us, and therefore rises. This is a matter of no importance, as in a short time it diffuses through every part, high or low, of the atmosphere of the rooms we inhabit.

DANCING.—It is very bad form to dance too often with one gentleman and refuse all others: people do not go to balls to show their preference for any one person, but to be agreeable to everyone. What you call old-fashioned dances are decidedly coming to the front again, and there is a marked decrease in the careless performances that have been in vogue of late years.

JESSY.—The jewels associated with the months of the year are: January, garnet; February, amethyst; March, bloodstone; April, diamond; May, emerald; June, agate; July, cornelian; August, cardonyx; September, chrysolite; October, opal; November, topaz; and December, turquoise. Rings formed from all these stones were supposed to possess extraordinary virtues.

BERT.—*Sub rosâ* (Under the rose) means, "In strict confidence." The allusion is to the gift of a rose to Harpocrates, the god of silence, by Cupid, to bribe him not to betray the amours of Venus. Thus the flower became the emblem of silence, and was sculptured on the ceilings of banquet rooms to remind the guests that what was uttered under the inspiration of wine was not to be repeated.

RACHEL.—According to your account the young man evidently paid considerable attention to you at the outset, but has now grown very cool. There was never, however, anything like an engagement between you; and under the circumstances we cannot advise you to appeal to him and tell him of the misery his silence and coldness are causing you. To do this would be unmaidenly. Far better wait awhile; for if his heart be yours, he will be sure to return. If otherwise, a loveless marriage should never be forced on.

K. R.—With your rosy complexion and light hair, you would be classed among the blondes, notwithstanding your dark hazel eyes; although, of course, you are not a perfect specimen of the blonde type. It is the common notion that both men and women naturally prefer their opposites in complexion, color of the hair and eyes, etc. But when it comes to love and marriage, there is no rule about it. Cupid shoots his arrows in defiance of all laws of temperament, and without regard to similarities or dissimilarities of complexion.

SERIATIM.—The stars and stripes of the American flag, are said to have been suggested by the charges on the Washington arms. The Washingtons were an ancient family, settled at Great Brington, Northamptonshire, England, and their armorial coat is thus described heraldically: Argent, two bars, gules; in chief three mullets of the second. In plain language, two red bars and three stars upon a silver ground. These arms, which may still be seen in Brington church on the brass which commemorates Robert Washington, were worn by the first President upon his ring, and from that ring the star-spangled banner was devised.

MIXED.—The speaking head or sphinx illusion is very simple. A table with three legs placed at equal distances, so that they form an exact triangle, is required. Two sheets of looking-glass are inserted between the legs so that they fill up the entire space. The table is then placed on a slight dais or platform, with the central leg fronting the audience. The mirrors only reflect objects at the plane of their angles, and if the side curtains are of the same color as those at the back of the table, it is obvious that the reflection is only seen in such a position as to give the impression that there is nothing under the table. The confederate is concealed behind the mirrors, who places his head in a mysterious box, or part of his body through an opening made in the table top, which is carefully hidden by folds of drapery or a hollow pedestal.

T. A. W.—The so-called divining-rod is a forked branch, usually of hazel, but sometimes of metal, which, it is pretended, when suspended by the two prongs, will indicate by a decided inclination the presence of a spring of water or of a vein of metal, etc. In former times the divining-rod was treated with a good deal of respect by men eminent in the scientific world, and by some its performances were explained by the supposition that "the demon was in it." But the science of the present day has nothing but contempt for it. The prevalent opinion now is that those who practice with it are either deceivers or deceived. They are invariably persons who are skilled in detecting the presence of water or of minerals by the configuration of the country; and in some cases this knowledge is consciously used for the purpose of deception, while in others it acts upon the mind unconsciously, and sets up involuntary motion of the nerves and muscles.